

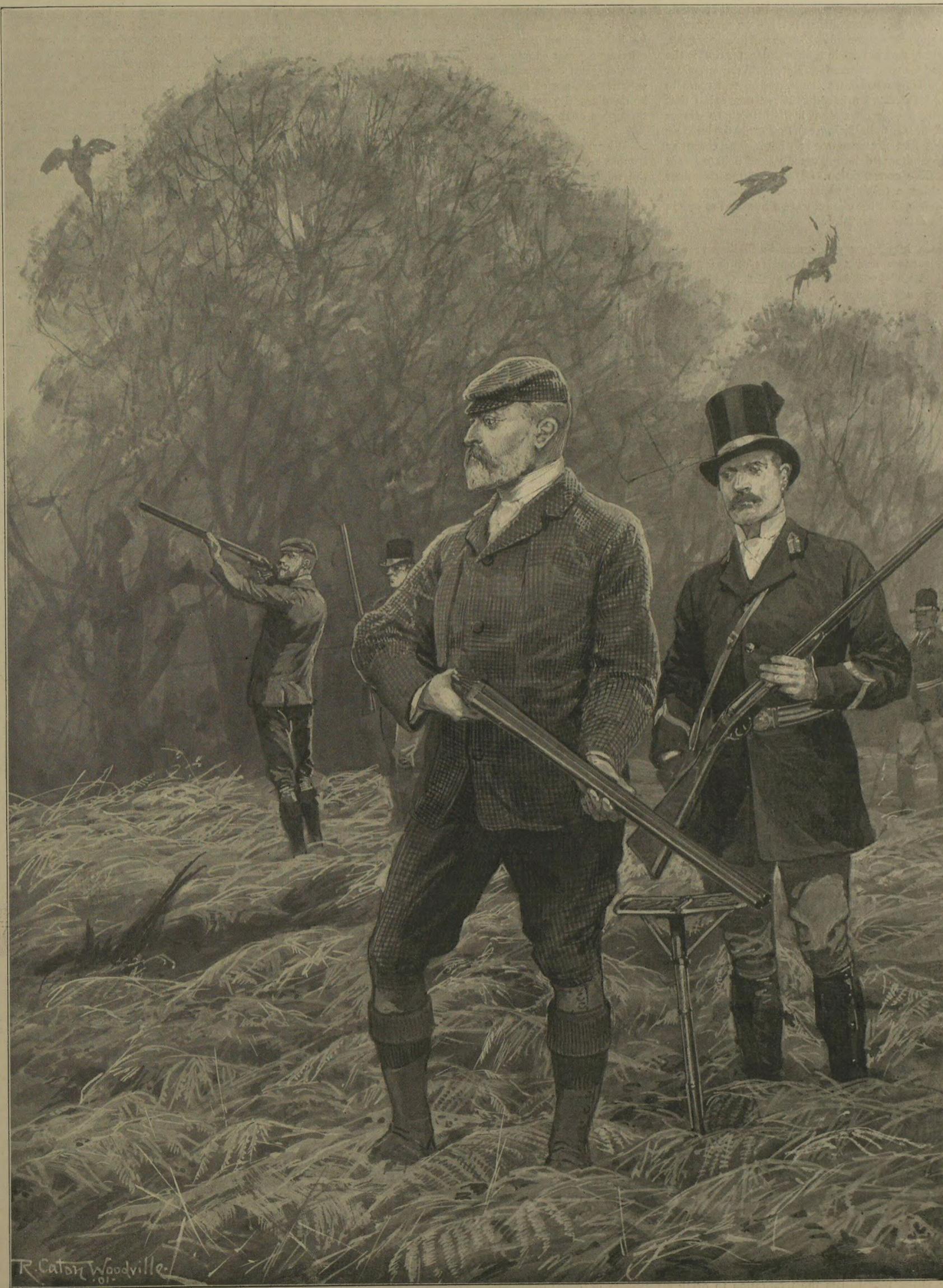
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3265 —VOL. CXIX

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

SIXPENCE



KING EDWARD VII. PHEASANT-SHOOTING AT CRANBOURNE TOWER, NEAR WINDSOR; NOVEMBER 12.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

His Majesty and the Prince of Wales enjoyed an excellent day's sport, the total bag being five hundred birds and a few rabbits.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Can the art of conversation be taught? I am surprised to find Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in those shrewd, suggestive, and kindly "Letters on Life," by "Claudius Clear," gravely proposing this addition to the curriculum of "schools and colleges." He says the idea comes from America. So do many notions for the improvement of the human species, though our own Mr. Galton overtops them with his scheme of State, or municipal, or privately endowed marriages of physically splendid young people, and the seclusion of their magnificent offspring from all the common worries of existence. Imagine the insufferably nonchalant, self-comp'lagent, indolent crew of demi-gods and demi-goddesses that would be produced by this system! And think of the appalling bores that would take University degrees in talking! How on earth would the examination be conducted? You can write geography, history, and algebra papers in a class-room, for that is the natural place for such torments. But would the examiner gather his talking candidates there, and expect them to converse with ease and urbanity? Even supposing that he had a flash of genius, and invited them to dinner (charging for this hospitality in fees), how could the luckless youths satisfy him or amuse one another? The company would become a mere debating society, and debate is not in the least like conversation. Moreover, the examiner would be either a talking genius or a gabbling pedant, and I sorely fear that the chances are a hundred to one in favour of the latter alternative.

There is a lugubrious gentleman in Shakspere who wants to sit down and tell sad stories of the deaths of kings. Dr. Nicoll is not like that. He is a man of persuasive speech, with a natural bent towards things of the mind, and a keen zest above all for life's little ironies. These make the salt of talk; but what have they to do with schools and colleges? Life is precisely the element that is carefully excluded from those institutions. Are the young collegians to retail to the examiner the gossip they have picked up abroad; and is he to award marks for the most sprightly anecdote? And how is discipline to be maintained in any college where it is officially decided that one student talks well, and that another is only a chatterbox? Of course, no such contingency would arise; for the academic mind, if it could be induced to undertake the task, would conduct the conversation-classes on purely academic lines; so that the prize-winners, when they went home and showed their accomplishments, would be voted nuisances by the rest of the family circle. "If we had a rational system of education," says Dr. Nicoll, "then we could talk." Then, he thinks, "we could have our pleasant evenings, untroubled with Scotch ballads, and recitations, and the mandoline." Considering that even the most highly educated people can rarely talk at all, the Scotch ballad is likely to remain the salvation of the respectable evening party.

The most admirable talker I have heard is a woman, who owes her aptitude to no sort of training that can be obtained in schools and colleges. She has the gifts of observation and humour. Her sense of character, always alert, gathers material where less observant people are unconscious even of their own dullness. She talks not out of books, but out of life, and the faculty is vitalised and prompted by a temperament of perpetual buoyancy. How can such accomplishments be taught in a school? They come by nature, and are cultivated by a process unknown to scholastic examiners. In talk, temperament is everything, and it is not, I regret to say, a British endowment. The French have it pre-eminently. The Americans have it, and it makes their hospitality a most agreeable experience for the traveller. But it is so uncommon in this country that a friend of mine gave up a comfortable berth in the Government service to become a professor of gaiety at public dinners. He is a shrewd observer, an inventor and collector of stimulating anecdotes, and he turns these on like a refreshing spray when the company are jaded by the impossible orators who mangle the toasts. If ever a benefactor deserved a monument, it is that man; and yet I do not find his name in the King's Birthday Honours.

A correspondent writes: "What is a moderate drinker? I find that out of sixty doctors in Paris thirty-four declare that a bottle of light wine a day is good for the health, nine that alcohol in any form is injurious, and seventeen that it makes no difference either way. This last opinion is the most remarkable, and it seems to be supported by respectable numbers and authority. Now the moderate drinker is entrenched in the opinion that his judicious consumption of liquor does him a world of good. He is confirmed in that belief by the vehement assertion that it is slow poison. But he must be rather disconcerted to learn that in the judgment of more than a fourth of the distinguished physicians in Paris, it does not matter whether he drinks or not. This is all the more striking because most Frenchmen are temperate, and believe that a bottle of wine a day is a necessary of life. The virtue that resists the temptation to drink more has always plumed itself upon a deep knowledge

of the laws of health. But if the laws of health have nothing to do with the case, then the moderate drinker goes on drinking because he likes it, and not because it is sound philosophy."

I doubt whether he will be much troubled by this dilemma. One moderate drinker has recently written a book, in which he holds the teetotaller up to scorn as a feeble egotist. To abstain is to confess that you lack the self-control of true temperance, and to take the pledge is ridiculous arrogance. This moderate drinker (a clergyman, by the way) preaches the doctrine of beef and beer. A pint of beer with the principal meal is the moral and civic duty of the working-classes. People who seek to dissuade them from the sacred pint are sapping the strength of the nation. These opinions are not without interest; there is, indeed, a pleasant quaintness in the moderate drinker who imagines that when he has finished his pint, and needs no more, he is offering a great example of self-denying manhood. The physiological commonplace that this is the virtue of his constitution, not of his will, does not occur to him; and he despises the total abstainer, who has probably gone through a conflict for self-mastery.

Why any man should write to me because he is in trouble about a doll passes my understanding. "I had the misfortune" (says this strange correspondent) "to step into a bazaar a few nights ago. It was no errand of charity that took me in; merely the caprice that is the undoing of so many of us who are not on the watch against pitfalls. It was soon apparent that I was the only member of the public within reach. At the door a lady proposed to read my hand and foretell the glowing future. I said the future made me timid, and she said the past would do as well. Like the young man in 'Excelsior,' I hurried on, and then the future materialised itself in a band of young men in aprons, who vowed that if I did not join in raffles for sundry tongues, potted meats, and bottles of sauce, they would haunt my bedside in the guise of goblins. The thought of goblins in aprons was deterring, and all my shillings were showered upon the fleshpots, all save one which went into a raffle for a doll. Then I sought the door, and told the palmist that it was not worth while to read my hand, as the past was full of provisions, and the future had no further terrors. You will scarcely believe it, but as I was deep in conversation with this lady (a most intelligent woman) about the occult, a little girl appeared with a huge parcel in her arms, and said to me severely: 'You have won the doll.' 'Then keep it till you both grow up,' I said in my airiest manner. But, as you may have noticed, ready wit is just the thing that never imposes on a child. Had I turned pale, shed tears, or looked otherwise embarrassed, that little girl might have had compassion on me. She gave me a haughty stare, handed me the doll, and said: 'Taking other people's raffles isn't honest!' Sir, that doll has never left me; and I cannot go about with it under my arm, and make everybody think I am demented, I have to stay indoors under the pretext of influenza. It is staring at me now as I write, and I wonder whether this is a penance for my disrespectful attitude towards raffles in the cause of charity."

At the theatre the other evening I was struck by the number of bald heads in the stalls. Many of them were still young heads. A man in front of me, with scarcely a hair, could not have been more than five-and-thirty. By a touch of irony the play was "The Last of the Dandies," in which the best scene is Count D'Orsay's morning toilet. It seemed to me that Mr. Tree lingered over his hair-dressing with malicious enjoyment. A lady who gives advice in affairs of the heart and head in the columns of a morning paper tells me that a growing multitude of correspondents complain to her of baldness. She prescribes gin and onions. Leave your onion to soak in gin overnight, and apply it gently to the desolate waste in the morning. The hair will grow, and, what is still more remarkable, you will not carry about with you a damning odour of debauchery in low life.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The reign of the first Lord Mayor of the City of London in the twentieth century was inaugurated on the ninth of November, when Sir Joseph Dimsdale drove "in his state chariot, drawn by six horses, attended by his Chaplain, the Sword-Bearer, and Mace-Bearer," to the Law Courts to be introduced to the Lord Chief Justice and to make his declaration. Before him, in procession, went representatives of the Worshipful Companies, and the late Lord Mayor. The usual banquet was held at the Guildhall in the evening, the chief guest, of course, being Lord Salisbury. The new Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress received their guests in the Library. Before the company left for the Banqueting Hall, Sir Joseph Dimsdale read a telegram he had sent to the King congratulating him on his birthday, the first since his accession, and his Majesty's reply, which ran as follows: "The King greatly appreciates your telegram of congratulation, expressed in the name of the citizens of London as well as in your own."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BEYOND HUMAN POWER," AT THE ROYALTY.

Profoundly interesting in idea, though parochial in setting, Bjornson's "Over Aevne," or rather its first half, proves in Miss Muir's tactful translation and Mrs. Campbell's production a play theatrically effective rather than dramatically satisfying. Its theme is that Christian literalism which animates Ibsen's "Brand" and Tolstoy himself, the idiosyncrasy of Bjornson's idealist being a belief in the possibility of present-day miracles. Pastor Sang maintains that his bed-ridden wife's illness is due to her doubt, and guarantees that God will grant her restoration to his own burning faith. His prayers are answered in one way, for the invalid awakes from a trance able to walk, but dies of her effort; and the Pastor, after complaining bewilderingly to Heaven and tearing off his clerical neckcloth, falls dead at her side. Here is a conclusion natural as it concerns the wife, whose highly strung nature suggests fatal results; melodramatic as it affects the husband, whose death is never foreshadowed, whose later mental states, the all-absorbing matter, are only indicated by pantomime. As a substitute for full exposition the dramatist supplies a highly humorous and doubtless faithful exposure of the timidity, time-serving, sophistry, or scepticism of a number of Norwegian clerics assembled to deprecate the miraculous. Even technically considered, this episode, however delightful, is a mistake, for it postpones till the play's last moment the reappearance of the two protagonists. Still, at the Royalty Theatre matinées any constructive weaknesses of the story are forgotten in the perfection of its rendering. Mrs. Campbell, exactly suited in the rôle of the neurotic heroine, obtains an admirably sympathetic Pastor in Mr. Titheradge, while Mr. Du Maurier and Miss Milner as two sceptical youngsters catch just the right note of precocious seriousness.

THE GERMAN PLAYS AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Every Tuesday sees a change of programme at St. George's Hall, and on Nov. 12 "Pauline," by Georg Hirschfeld, was given by the German company. The play, which is termed a comedy, but might with more reason be called a farce, is hardly worthy of the répertoire of a management which last year gave us Lessing and Sudermann. "Pauline" deals entirely with the intrigues of the kitchen, in which three out of the four acts are played. A young artist and his wife are the master and mistress of an exceptionally fascinating cook, and the kitchen becomes the rendezvous for innumerable lovers. The dialogue is chiefly the patois of the lower class "Berliner," and is brightly written. Josefina Dora as Pauline, and Georg Worlitzsch as the jealous locksmith, made the most of their respective rôles, but the plot is far too slight to do duty for four acts—indeed, it was a case of a good cast wasted on weak material.

THE COVENT GARDEN BALL.

At the Covent Garden Ball on the night of Nov. 8, the King's birthday was celebrated loyally. Before the stroke of midnight, electric lamps flashed out the legend, "God Save the King," and three hours later the National Anthem was sung heartily as the competitors awaited the award of the prizes offered by Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth for the best designs. The dresses, if less numerous than usual, were quite as ingenious as ever; and Madame Vernon carried off the major honours, with Mr. Clarkson a good second.

"OLD CHINA," AT THE EMPIRE.

The new Empire ballet is a delightful production. A short story that claims no attention serves to conduct the heroine to an Arcadia fashioned entirely of china and inhabited by the figures we have been accustomed to associate with Dresden, Sèvres, and other homes of the finest figure-work. Mr. Wilhelm's scheme of colour embraces the richest effects that have been achieved in porcelain, the costumes in *bleu du roi* and *Rose du Barry* being of a quality that the stage has never seen. Madame Lanner has given us dances and stage groups that recall some of the daintiest pictures of Antoine Watteau, and the pageant moves to a light fanciful score by Leopold Wenzel, whose music overflows with melody. An ingenious device is practised in the first tableau, in which certain china figures on a mantelshelf come to life. The figures have doubles, and the act has the effect of a scene played in front of a mirror. Another departure made for the first time in this ballet is in the treatment of the stage; instead of the dusty boards on which the finest costumes lose some of their effect, we have a pure white ground that is far more in keeping with the surroundings.

MUSIC.

The first of the Royal Choral Society's concerts, on Thursday, Nov. 7, at the Albert Hall, saw yet another performance of "Elijah" under the baton of Sir Frederick Bridge. Needless to say, Sir Frederick has wonderful material at his command; but even that does not acquit him of the necessity for longer rehearsal, the lack of which was at times apparent, particularly in point of expression. The principal soloists were Miss Ella Russell, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Andrew Black, and Mr. Ben Davies, whose performance, like that of the choir, was good rather than brilliant. For "Hiawatha," which is to be given at the next concert, we may confidently expect more preparation.

The first of the season's Ballad Concerts at the St. James's Hall took place on Nov. 6. Mr. William Bookey brought forward an interesting programme. A new song that had great success was "A Little While," by Charles Deacon, sung by Miss Hortense Paulsen; and another, written by P. Mario Costa, "Say 'Hullo,'" sung by Mr. Denham Price, was greatly liked. Madame Chaminade played one of her own compositions, "Expansion," with considerable grace; and Miss Ella Russell sang very beautifully an air of Verdi, "Ernani, involami."

A most delightful programme was arranged for Mr. Newman's Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall on

Saturday afternoon, Nov. 9, starting with the Suite No. 3 of Tschaikowsky. It deserves to be as popular with an audience as it was with its composer, for it is beautiful in melody, quaint in form, and inspired with dramatic feeling and force. The "Elégie" has a haunting melody, and the "Valse Mélancolique" has the bizarre Russian effect of gaiety superimposed on a haunting delicious melancholy. The best movement is one of the few "themes with variations" that justify their existence, not only by beauty of form, but by colour and vitality; it ends in a gorgeous polonaise, full of rich orchestration. The second important orchestral work was a symphony of Brahms, which is melancholy, dull, tedious, and often incoherent. However, it was perfectly performed, and was interesting as a comparative novelty, though the strain necessary to follow its scheme is entirely artificial and forced, for no result can be arrived at. M. Ysaye played the brilliant Violin Concerto No. 4 of Vieuxtemps, and the concerto for violin and orchestra of Mendelssohn, Op. 64, that is so popular and so melodious; and the concert finished with the pictorial Overture "1812" of Tschaikowsky, with all the orthodox pealing of cathedral bells, roar of artillery, crash of organ and orchestra. The orchestra was quite perfect, and Mr. Wood, unflagging as is his energy, seemed to be even more alert, and to wield his baton with even more sympathy, than usual. It is almost terrible to contemplate the burden of work he undertakes and the loss he would be to England should he cease to conduct.

At the Saturday Popular Concert on Nov. 9, M. Saint-Saëns was a great attraction. He played in his sonata for piano and violin in D minor, and his quartet in B flat. He also played his caprice on themes from Gluck's "Alceste." The quartet was first played at the Saturday Popular Concerts in 1879, four years after its composition. It is graceful and singularly flowing, and free from complicated or obscure effects. The performance of the quartet by M. Johannes Wolff, Mr. Alfred Gibson, and Herr Carl Fuchs (together with M. Saint-Saëns) was very much more finished than the playing at the previous Saturday Popular Concert. Mrs. Henry Wood sang beautifully songs by César Cui and Weingartner.

Madame Blanche Marchesi gave a most attractive vocal recital at the St. James's Hall on the afternoon of Friday, Nov. 8. It was not a very long one; and it was so beautifully rendered that it seemed too short, though the actual programme lasted over an hour and a half. Madame Marchesi is one of the most exquisite artists we have. Had she not been a singer, she might have been one of the greatest actresses; for her dramatic feeling, her sense of humour, her wonderful perception—all combine to make her songs fascinating in the extreme; and when these are allied to an exquisitely modulated voice, a style and method beyond reproach, the effect is irresistible. Her programme was very varied, beginning as it did with Schubert, and ending with a quaint little mocking encore. In the middle of the programme was a wonderful song, without words, of birds twittering to church, ending with a little belated sparrow, and one human "Amen." This was encored.

A quartet of masked singers, "The Serenaders," gave an entertainment last week for the Gordon Hospital Bazaar. These newcomers have a picturesque appearance with Spanish hats, wondrous cloaks, and masks that are sometimes silver and sometimes black. The black are the more becoming, as the silver masks have a rather uncanny effect. They may have been adopted to deter the inquisitive, for it is said that a duke, an earl, and two countesses disappear from their respective households when "The Serenaders" are on the platform, and the accompanist is believed to be a well-known Chancery barrister. Apart from the charm of mystery, there is a marked ability in this quartet, whose repertory is extensive and varied. "The Serenaders" are likely to enjoy a considerable share of popularity.

POULTRY-SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.
The National Poultry Show, held at the Crystal Palace on Nov. 11, 12, 13, and 14, did not attract so many entries as last year in some of the classes, but showed a distinct advance in the quality of the exhibits. The Minorca class was particularly well represented. Beyond the poultry and pigeons, a number of rabbits were on show.

A REPUTED RUBENS.

A Birmingham picture-dealer is now the owner of a painting of the Crucifixion reputed to be by Rubens. Dr. Bode, Director-General of the Königliche Museum, to whom the work was submitted, has pronounced it, after a close examination, to be a true Rubens, executed in the master's studio by a pupil, but retouched by his own hand. The landscape, Dr. Bode believes, is by Rubens alone. The picture's history, so far as it is known, begins in the days of the early Carlist troubles, when a Spanish lady of title brought it to Scarborough, and presented it to Canon Walker of St. Peter's Catholic Church, where it hung as an altarpiece for sixty years. Canon Walker bequeathed it to Bishop Riddle of Northampton, then a priest at Hull, who subsequently gave it to Canon Johnson. He, in turn, parted with it under an agreement which only now permits it to be offered for sale again. The canvas is in perfect condition, the marks upon it showing where it was once rolled, no doubt for conveyance to England.

A series of tours to the South of France and Italy at exceptionally low fares has been arranged for the present season by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, via the Newhaven and Dieppe route. The return journey is made from Genoa, but an extension of the tour to Rome, Florence, or Venice can be arranged, if required, at small additional cost, with return either via Mont Cenis or St. Gothard (Italian lakes) route.

Ready November 25.

Price One Shilling.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

CONTENTS:

A SPLENDID COLOURED PLATE

"IN THE NICK OF TIME,"

After the Painting by R. Caton Woodville.

"THE PICTURE IN THE BATH,"

By A. E. W. MASON.

ILLUSTRATED BY

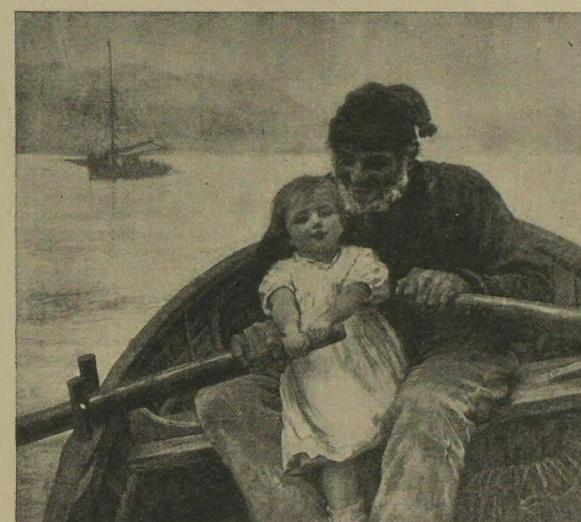
R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OTHER STORIES BY W. PETT RIDGE, W. L. ALDEN, AND
E. F. BENSON.

Illustrations by the Best Artists.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 108, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



HELPING GRANDAD.

By Fred Morgan.

All Proofs. Size, 16½ in. by 14½ in. Price £1 1s. each.

A SERIES FROM DRAWINGS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN.

Arranged upon Three Plates.

No. 1, ENTITLED—"GROUSE GLIDING UP TO GUNS."
"THROUGH THE DEEP DRIFT."
"A DRIVE."Nos. 2 and 3, arranged as above, three Pictures on one Plate,
Entitled—No. 2.
"ON THE OUTLYING BEAT" (Pheasants).
"FALCON AND PREY."
"DAYBREAK ON THE TWELFTH."
No. 3.
"DOOMED TO DEATH" (Deer).
"HIGHLAND POACHERS" (Eagles).
"SPENT" (FOX).

Each Photogravure Plate, containing three Pictures, measures 30 in. by 15 in., and is printed upon India paper, price 5s. each, or 12s. 6d. the set of three Plates, post free.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THESE POPULAR PHOTOGRAVURES WILL BE READY
IN A WEEK.

New Illustrated List of our Historical Photogravures free on application.

PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT,
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD.,
108, STRAND, W.C.

Ready December 2.

Price One Shilling.

BRILLIANT CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

THE SKETCH.

HUMOROUS FULL-PAGE DRAWINGS by Phil May, Dudley Hardy, Cecil Aldin, Tom Browne, John Hassall, Robert Sauber, Melton Prior, Louis Wain, &c., &c.

CHARMING SHORT STORIES by Clo. Graves, Katharine Tynan, F. C. Philips, Keble Howard, John Oxenham, &c., &c.

AND A

DELIGHTFUL COLOURED PLATE

ENTITLED

REVERTE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 108, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

ROYAL BRITISH MAIL ROUTE

VIA

HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND

DAILY (Sundays included) SERVICE TO THE CONTINENT.

QUICKEST ROUTE TO HOLLAND AND CHEAPEST TO GERMANY.

RESTAURANT CARS AND THROUGH CARRIAGES to and from the Hook.

HARWICH-ANTWERP ROUTE

For BRUSSELS, &c., every Week-day.

From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m., for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct Service to Harwich, from Scotland, the North and Midlands. Restaurant Car between York and Harwich.

The Great Eastern Railway Company's Steamers are steel twin-screw vessels, lighted throughout by electricity, and sail under the British Flag.

Cheap Tickets and Tours to nearly all parts of the Continent.

HAMBURG, by G. S. N. Co.'s Steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS, THE RIVIERA and ITALY.—The Cheapest and

Most Comfortable Route is via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Fast Royal Mail Steamers and Corridor Trains. Two Express Services leave London 10 a.m. and 8.50 p.m. daily. Through Bookings and Registration of Baggage. Special Riviera and Italian Tours.

Full particulars of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

RIVIERA SAN REMO ITALY

3½ Hours from London; Paris, 24; Nice, 24½; Monte Carlo, 1½; St. Petersburg, 72; Berlin, 43; Vienna, 27; Munich, 33; Genoa, 4.

THE MOST IMPORTANT WINTER RESORT ON THE RIVIERA DI PONENTE.

In beautiful position, completely sheltered from North winds, enjoying a most healthy climate, with unrivaled sunny temperature and luxuriant vegetation, offering a great variety of picturesque drives and easy walks. Fashionable social life. Opera House. Tennis and Social Clubs. Excellent Concerts given by the Municipal Orchestra. Casino in course of building. Large palatial establishments, offering every modern comfort. Numerous splendidly situated furnished villas and private mansions. The town is provided with spring water, acknowledged to be the purest on the Littoral. A favourite residence of Imperial and Royal families. Patronised by the nobility and gentry of Europe and America. Safe harbour for yachts, with easy access.

CANNES.—GRAND HOTEL DU PAVILLON.

This first-class hotel offers every comfort. Splendid position, full south. Electric light, baths, &c. Beautiful garden. Winter garden. Special terms to early visitors. (20s.)

RIVIERA.—ST. RAPHAEL.—GRAND HOTEL VALESCURE NOW OPEN. 1st Class. Healthy, beautifully situated in Pine Woods. Golf. English & R. C. Churches. Comfort & Sanitation Guaranteed.

CANARY ISLANDS.—LAS PALMAS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, under new English Management.

In the midst of its own beautiful gardens of about 20 acres, facing the sea. English physician and trained nurse resident. English Church. Golf, tennis, cycling, croquet, billiards.

THE CANARY ISLANDS CO., Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

WINTER TOURS TO ALL THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

65 days for £65. For shorter periods proportionate rates. By the magnificent vessels of

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

For particulars apply 18, Moorgate Street, or 29, Cockspur Street (West-End), London.

NOW READY, AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS'.

LINKS WITH THE PAST. By Mrs. CHARLES BAGOT.

With Photogravure Plates. Demy 8vo, 16s.

"Has a charm and a significance that is all its own."—*Onlooker.*

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS. By BERNARD HOLLAND.

Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

"A very remarkable book, eminently instructive."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

TWO BABES IN "THE CITY." By C. SETON and E. WILBRAHAM. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE FIERY DAWN. By M. E. COLERIDGE, Author of "The King with Two Faces."

CYNTHIA'S WAY. By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK, Author of "The Inner Shrine," &c.

THE ARBITER. By Mrs. HUGH BELL.

London: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37, Bedford Street.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EXHIBITION OF MODERN PICTURES. Open DAILY 10 to 5, at The Dudley Gallery, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, W.

Admission, One Shilling.

MOHAWK MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Every Evening at 8. Matinées Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 3. Susan's Band at every performance. All New Songs. New Plantation Act. "The Hoodoo Man." Simms and Simms, Musical Comedians, &c.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

A Little Book of Light Verse. Introduction and Notes by Anthony C. Deane, M.A. The Little Library. (Methuen. 1s. 6d.)

Fancy Free. Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen. 6s.)

In an Unknown Prison Land. George Griffith. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

Andrea Mantegna. Maud Cruttwell. Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. (Bell. 5s.)

The Natural History of Selborne. Gilbert White. Edited, with Notes, by Grant Allen. (Lane. 5s.)

The Happenings of Jill. Iota. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick. C. Fell Smith. (Longmans. 18s.)

Sweetheart Manette. Maurice Thompson. (Maclellan.)

Richard Halpin: a Romance of the New Navy. Morgan Robertson. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Staghunting with the Devon and Somerset: an Account of the Chase of the Wild Red Deer on Exmoor. Philip Evered. (Chatto and Windus.)

The Traitor's Way. S. Levett Yeats. (Longmans. 6s.)

Modern Athens. George Horden. (Bullen.)

Ghosts. Henrik Ibsen. (Walter Scott. 2s. 6d.)

An Enemy of the People. Henrik Ibsen. (Walter Scott. 2s. 6d.)

Frederick the Great on Kingcraft. From the original MS. W. Reminiscences and Turkish Stories. Sir J. William Whittall. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

Halil the Pedlar: A Tale of Old Stambul. Maurus Jökkai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. (Jarrold. 6s.)

Middlemarch. George Eliot. Library Edition. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. The Bibelots. (Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.)

The Essays of Sir Roger de Coverley. Steele and Addison. The Bibelots. (Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.)

Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D. Francis Henry Skrine, F.S.S. (Longmans. 16s.)

Henry Skrine, F.S.S. (Longmans. 16s.)

SOME CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Bedtime Book. Mrs. Ernest Ames. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

Topsy-Turvy Tales. S. H. Shamer. (Cassell. 1s. 6d.)

Domestic Ditties. Alfred Scott Gatty. (Pearson. 2s. 6d.)

Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea. Translated by Ada Wallis. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

The Gollivogs' Auto Go-Cart. Florence K. Upton. (Longmans. 6s.)

The Bairn Books. A Book of Days. Clara Bridgeman. (Dent.)

The Farm Book. Walter Copeland. (Dent.)

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

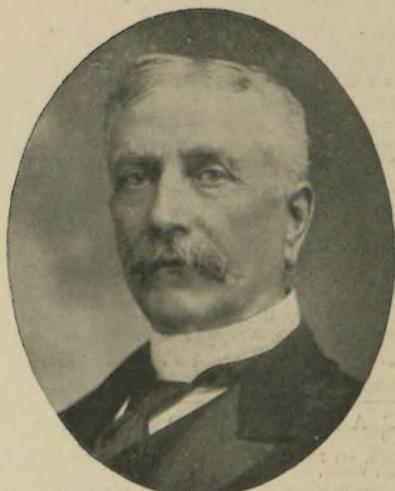


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MAJ.-GEN. C. PHIPPS CAREY,
NEW C.B.

Chief Engineer of the Local Government Board.
Born, 1835; retired, 1882; Honorary Major-General,
1882.



Photo. Russell.
SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON,
NEW G.C.M.G.

Born, June 12, 1858, educated King's College,
London. Vice-Consul for the Cameroons, 1885;
Acting Consul, Benin, 1887-88; Special Commissioner
for Uganda, 1899-1901; K.C.B., 1896.

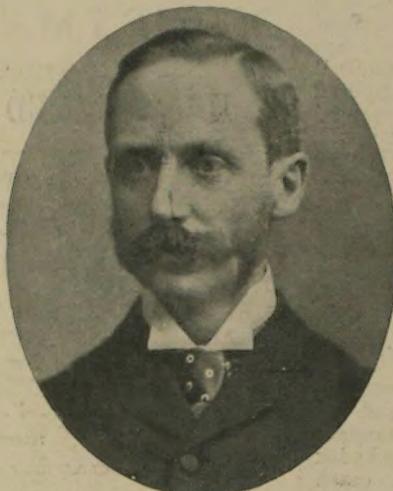


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR SAMUEL BUTLER PROVIS,
NEW K.C.B.

Born, February 1845; Barrister, Middle Temple,
1866; Junior Legal Assistant-Secretary to Local
Government Board, 1882-85; Permanent Secretary
to the Local Government Board; C.B., 1887.



Photo. Ferrard.
SIR GEORGE ANDERSON CRITCHETT,
NEW KNIGHT.

Born, Dec. 18, 1845; eldest son of the late George
Critchett, F.R.C.S.; Surgeon-Oculist to the King,
and Senior Ophthalmic Surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital.

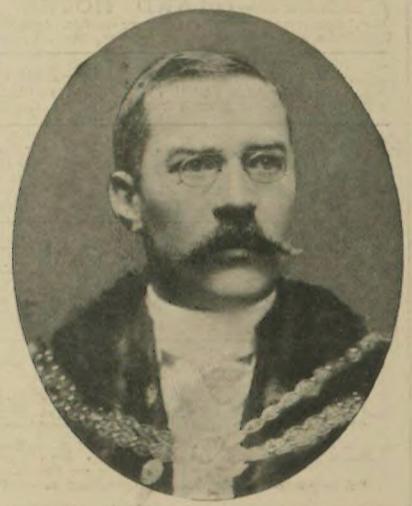


Photo. Russell.
SIR GEORGE HUSSEY,
NEW KNIGHT.

Sir G. Hussey has been Mayor of Southampton for
three years, and raised a Volunteer Ambulance
Corps for South Africa.



Photo. Russell.
THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY FLETCHER, BT.,
NEW P.C.

Born, 1835; Groom-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria;
Colonel-Commandant of Sussex Volunteer Infantry
Brigade; M.P. for Horsham and for the Lewes
Division of Sussex since 1880.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN W. BONSER,
NEW P.C.

Born, 1847; Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge;
Attorney-General of Straits Settlements, 1883-93;
Chief Justice of Ceylon since 1893.

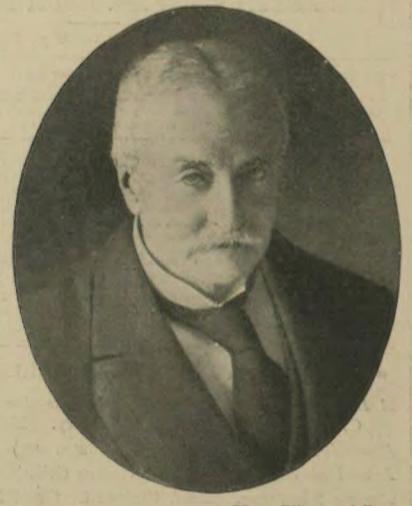


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL MORETON JOHN WHEATLEY,
NEW C.B.

Born, 1837; entered Royal Engineers, from which he
retired in 1896; now holds appointment of Bailiff of
the Royal Parks.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR ERNEST SPENCER,
NEW KNIGHT.

Born, May 1848; Barrister, Middle Temple, 1884;
Counsel to the Austrian Consulate; M.P. for West
Bromwich, 1885-86, 1886, 1892, 1895-1900, 1900

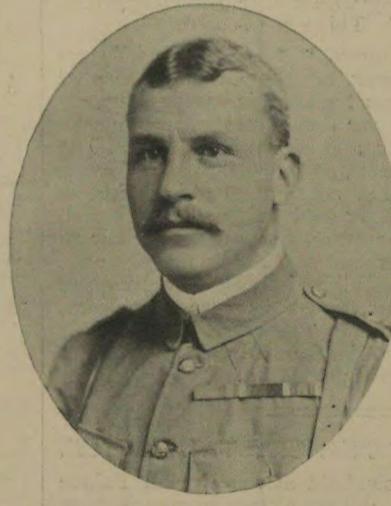


Photo. Eves, Clifton.
CAPTAIN H. H. AUSTIN,
NEW C.M.G.

Born, 1868; took part in the Waziristan Expedition,
1894-95; and went as Brevet-Major on special
service to Egypt in 1897.

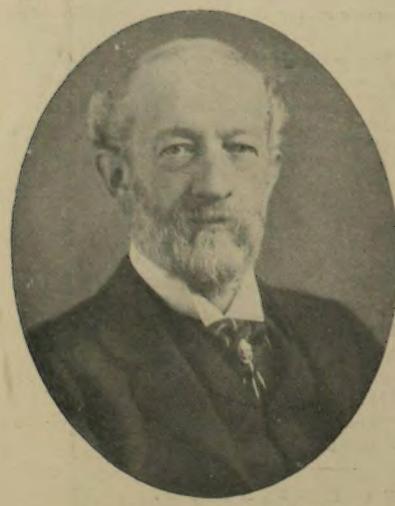


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR ROBERT ANDERSON,
NEW K.C.B.

Born, May 1841; B.A., 1862; LL.D., 1875; Adviser to
Home Office in matters relating to political crime from
1868; head of Criminal Investigation Department
from 1888; Late Asst.-Commr. Metropolitan Police.

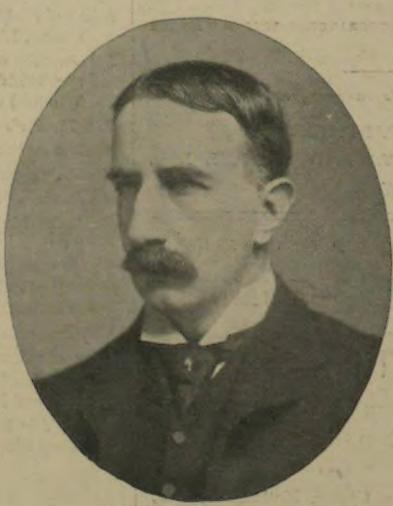


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. E. CLINTON DAWKINS,
NEW C.B.

Born, 1859; entered India Office, 1884; Under-Secretary of State for Finance in Egypt, 1895;
Financial Member of Council of Governor-General
of India since 1899.

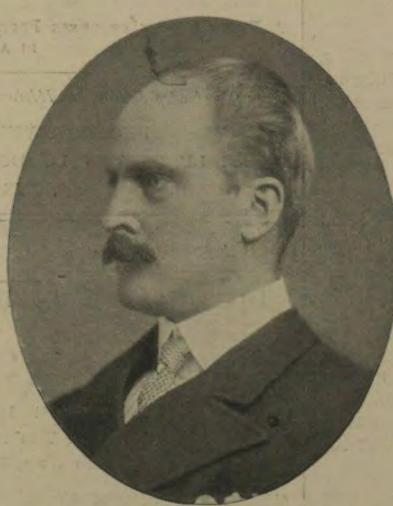


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR FRANCIS HOPWOOD,
NEW K.C.B.

Born, 1860; Secretary to the Railway Department
of the Board of Trade; Companion of
St. Michael and St. George, 1893; Companion
of the Bath, 1895.

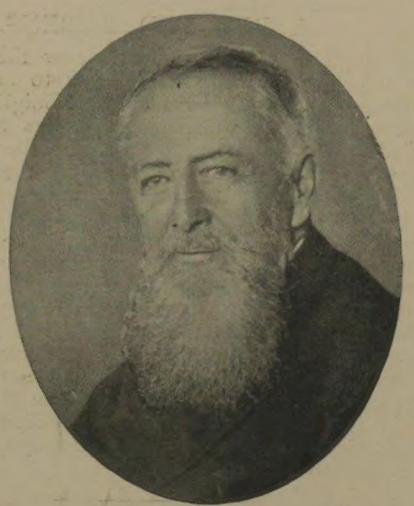


Photo. Russell.
THE RT. HON. SIR F. R. PLUNKETT,
NEW G.C.B.

Born, 1815; son of the late Earl of Fingall; entered
Diplomatic Service, 1855; served at Yedo, Washington,
Stockholm, Brussels; Ambassador at Vienna
since 1900; Knighted, 1894.

THE POULTRY SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



PERSONAL.

In his Guildhall speech, Lord Salisbury declared that the Boer independence was incompatible with the security of the Empire, and that the Government had full confidence in the successful issue of the war. The rumoured negotiations Lord Salisbury disposed of with the dry remark that he had not heard of them. The attitude of the country he described as "dogged determination."

Sir Ian Hamilton has been appointed Chief of the Staff to Lord Kitchener, who has had to perform the duties of that office himself for some time past. A delirious journal announced that a new plan of campaign, invented by the King, Mr. Brodrick, and Sir Ian Hamilton, was to be forced upon Lord Kitchener. The Commander-in-Chief is carrying out his own plans, to which Sir Ian Hamilton will be of great service.

Canon Gore's appointment to the Bishopric of Worcester adds to the Hierarchy a High Churchman whose researches in the ecclesiastical history of the past have not obscured his outlook on the social needs of latter-day Churchmanship. Canon Gore has always taken an interest in the labour problem, of which the Midlands should yield him plenty of opportunity for study upon the spot. The son of the Hon. Charles Gore, and the grandson, on his mother's side, of the Earl of Bessborough, the new Bishop was born in 1853, was

educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, and later was a Fellow of Trinity. In 1880 he became Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon College, and afterwards Librarian of the Pusey Library at Oxford, being appointed Vicar of Radley in 1893, and ceasing to be so in the following year, when he obtained a Canonry of Westminster. Among his volumes are "Leo the Great," "Essays on Church Reform," and "Good Citizenship"; while his contribution to the volume entitled "Lux Mundi" has given him a foremost place among the Higher Critics in the school of theology to which he belongs.

The French Government has launched another decree at the Comédie Française. Members of that famous company are now ordered to retire after twenty years' service. Hitherto they have had the option of retiring, but have shown a clinging disposition. The old members denounce the Government, but the younger *sociétaires* are rejoicing.

Dr. Seth Low, whose return for the New York Mayoralty has been hailed as a blow at the Tadpoles and Tapers of municipal politics in that city, was born fifty-one years ago. He was educated at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and at Columbia University, and of the last-named institution he accepted, two years ago, the presidency. Though a scholar and a gentleman—as Mr. Roosevelt is ready to aver—Dr. Seth Low has never sought the shelter of academic shades to the avoidance of the latitude of

the market-place and the platitude of the polling-booth. He has mixed with the crowd and been foremost in the electoral fray. In the early 'eighties he served as Mayor of Brooklyn, and in 1897 he contested Greater New York. In the election just over Dr. Low defeated Mr. Shepard, the Tammany candidate, with a plurality of about thirty thousand.

A new demand has been put forward by the "women suffragists" of Paris. It is that the designation "Mademoiselle" shall be abolished, and that every woman, married or single, shall be addressed as "Madame." The argument is that every man is addressed as "Monsieur," whether he is married or not. Perhaps the pioneering ladies in this country will agitate against "Miss" for the same profound reason.

"Prince Ranjit of Baluchestan" turns out to be a cook. He came to London with a great retinue, and lived in splendour, distributing largesse with a most generous hand. When he went to America, his real antecedents were discovered. The source of his wealth does not seem to be known. It is a story that would have delighted Stevenson, who would have introduced Prince Ranjit into the "New Arabian Nights."

The death of Mr. William Henry Gunning Bagshawe, K.C., Judge of County Courts, occurred suddenly at King's Cross Station on the evening of Nov. 4 on his way from attending the funeral of his brother, Canon Bagshawe. The son of a County Court Judge and K.C., he was born in 1825; he graduated at London University in 1843, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1848, made a Bencher of his Inn in 1875, and was appointed by Lord Selborne a County Court Judge twenty years ago.

Twenty years earlier than that he had married a daughter of Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., by whom he leaves a family. A brother of the late Judge was, until a few months ago, Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham.

As the statistics of infant mortality in the concentration camps are said to be unparalleled, it is useful to learn from Dr. Symms, medical officer at Bath, that the average death-rate among children in England and Wales is 208 per thousand, and that in some large centres of population it is much greater. In Manchester it is 348, Salford 351, and Birkenhead 362 per thousand—all in excess of the mortality in South Africa. It is not generally known that 14,000 children perish of consumption alone in this country every year before they are twelve months old.

Captain Humphry Weston Spurway, R.M.A., who lost his life by the explosion on board H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign* on

Nov. 9, was only twenty-six years of age. He entered the Navy in 1892, became Lieutenant in 1893, and Captain in 1898. His appointment to the *Royal Sovereign* dates from the April of 1899. The ill-fated Captain and the five men killed with him were buried at sea off Malta, whither the *Royal Sovereign* proceeded from Platea. Nor is the tale of death likely to be complete at that, some of the nineteen injured men being, it is feared, wounded mortally.

Lord Rosebery has intimated that he will shortly address the country again on the national situation. This prompted Sir William Harcourt to write a long letter in the *Times*, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to declare that Lord Rosebery's views would be welcome if they agreed with those of the "Liberal Party." The prospect of Lord Rosebery agreeing either with Sir William Harcourt or "C.B." seems remote.

Mr. Horace Plunkett is a candidate for the division of Galway. He is opposed by the Nationalists on the ground that by appointing men of their own way of thinking to public offices in Ireland, he is trying "to bribe the people with Government pay." The new line of argument is characteristically Hibernian.

The death of Mr. Reginald Hobart Culme-Seymour took place on Nov. 5 at his father's residence, Bitterne,

Hampshire. Mr. Culme-Seymour had been suffering for some time from a chill, which developed into pleurisy while he was shooting in Scotland. The news of his untimely death, at the age of twenty-two, was received with deep regret at Eton, where he had stroked the second eight, and at Oxford, where his own college was New, and where his almost unbroken series of successes as stroke were continued down to this

year's race. Mr. Culme-Seymour, who was secretary of the Oxford University Boat Club, was the eldest son of Mr. H. H. Culme-Seymour, and a nephew of the well-known Admiral of the name.

Mr. Kruger and his satellites are credited by rumour with various brilliant ideas. One is that the Rand shall be ceded to Great Britain, and the rest of the Transvaal declared independent under a convention "guaranteed by France and Russia." Another is that we shall recognise the independence of the Boers, and that they shall graciously condescend to make a treaty of alliance with us. These stories are probably fables. And, in any case, the views of the Boers in Europe are without importance.

It is amusing to note that M. Delcassé, who has obtained a brilliant victory over the Sultan by asserting the claims of French capitalists, never thought of submitting the case for arbitration to the tribunal at the Hague. He simply sent a fleet to Mitylene, and the Sultan yielded to brute force. This must be very shocking to people who think that the sordid interests of British subjects in the Transvaal ought to have been laid before the Arbitration Court.

The retirement is announced of Sir William Henry White, K.C.B., from his arduous and responsible posts of Assistant Controller of the Navy and Director of Naval Construction, posts which he has held for fifteen years.

Born appropriately at Devonport in 1845, he was educated at the Royal School of Naval Architecture (in which he was afterwards a Professor), and entered the Constructive Department of the Admiralty, rising by degrees to the first place. For two years he organised and directed the warship-building department at Elswick, and he has served as President of the Institutions of Mechanical Engineers and of Marine Engineers. Sir William's publications include "A Manual of Naval Architecture," "A Treatise on Shipbuilding," and various papers printed in the Transactions of the Engineering Societies. Sir William, who is an F.R.S. of both London and Edinburgh, married, first, Alice, daughter of the late R. Martin, Chief Constructor R.N., and secondly, Annie, daughter of Mr. F. C. Marshall, J.P., of Tynemouth.

M. Fernand Herbert, one of the principal teachers of French in England, complains that the study of that language is falling off, and that German is taking its place. For commercial purposes this may be the case, but M. Herbert need not fear that the general educational advantages of his native tongue will be permanently slighted. He had better read Mr. H. G. Wells's "Anticipations" for comfort on this head.

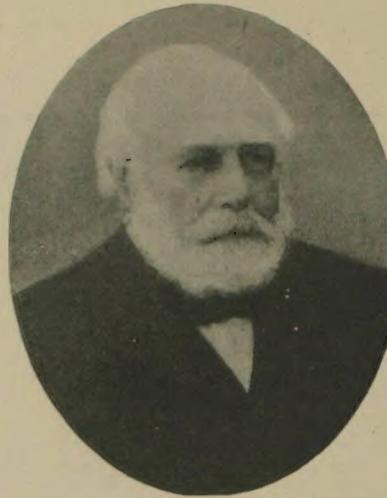
By the death of Sir Franklin Lushington, which occurred on Nov. 10, after a few days of illness, at his residence in Paddington, the Metropolis loses its Chief Police Magistrate. Sir Franklin, who was born

so long ago as in 1823, went to the Thames Court in 1869, and to Bow Street in 1890. His family have been famous in law for many years, and his father was Puisne Judge in Ceylon and Master of the Crown Office. Sir Franklin, who was a pupil of Dr. Arnold's at Rugby, completed his education at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took a Fellowship. He was called to the Bar forty-eight years ago, and had the reputation of being a sound lawyer, as well as a man in whom a long magisterial career had developed no cynicism. Sir Franklin married Kate, daughter of the Rev. J. Morgan.

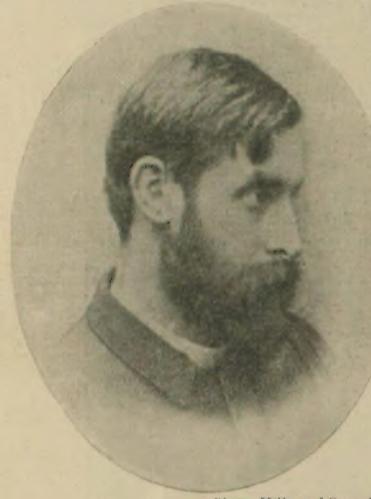
We have received from Mr. Henry Frowde an early Oxford copy of the "George, Prince of Wales, Prayer Book," containing the Royal Warrant, issued on Nov. 9, for the new Accession Service, the service in question, and the various alterations in the Book of Common Prayer rendered necessary by the proclamation of the Duke of Cornwall and York as Prince of Wales.

Colonel W. Douglas, D.S.O., commanding the 1st Battalion Royal Scots in South Africa, writes that his men greatly appreciated the tobacco and other comforts so kindly sent, and desire to express their warm thanks. Major G. Deane, of 4, Northwick Terrace, N.W., is arranging to send out gifts for Christmas, and will be pleased to hear from those wishing to contribute.

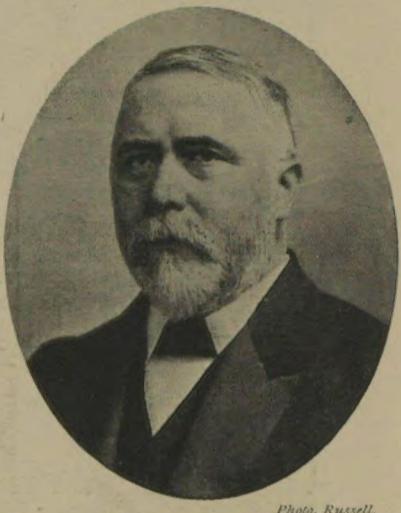
A year ago the Governors of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital were summoned for rates, but prompt and generous help enabled the Committee to meet this demand. They have now, however, to face a similar difficulty, and must again appeal to friends. Donations and annual subscriptions may be paid to the Secretary at the Hospital.



Photo, Fradelle and Young.
THE LATE MR. W. H. G. BAGSHAWE, K.C.,
Judge of County Courts.



Photo, Hills and Saunders.
THE REV. CANON GORE, D.D.,
Appointed Bishop of Worcester.



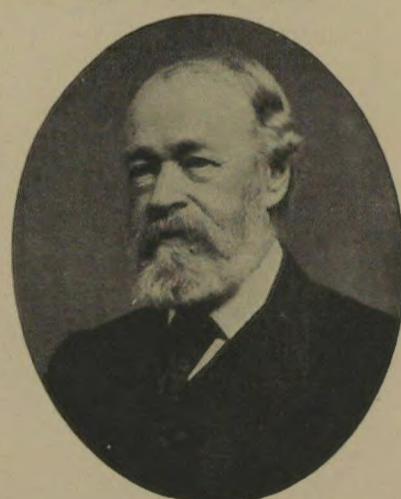
Photo, Russell.
SIR WILLIAM WHITE,
Director of Naval Construction (Retired).



Photo, Russell.
CAPTAIN H. W. SPURWAY, R.M.A.,
Accidentally Killed on the *Royal Sovereign*.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
DR. SETH LOW,
Mayor of New York.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON,
Chief Police Magistrate of the Metropolis.



Photo, Mayes.
THE LATE MR. R. H. CULME-SEYMORE,
Stroke of the Oxford Boat 1901.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE LI-HUNG-CHANG.

Li-Hung-Chang, the most notable Chinaman of his generation, died at Peking on the morning of Nov. 7, at eleven o'clock. For some time Li-Hung-Chang's health had been indifferent, and he is believed to have hastened his end by his assiduous devotion to business and his objection to the aid of Western medical science. The ex-Prime Minister of China was born at Ho-fei-shieum, in the province of Ngan-Whei, on Feb. 16, 1823. Of his early career we possess no very minute details, but it is at least certain that he was a distinguished student of the Han-lin College of Peking. When about twenty-five years of age, he had already obtained a good appointment in the public service. Apart from his native talent, which would in any case have raised him to eminence, he was fortunate in possessing a powerful family connection. In 1859 he was promoted Taotai of Fu-kien, and three years later became Governor of Kiang-su. Here he was first to come into contact with the West, for the Yangtse Valley had since 1858 been distracted by the struggle between the Taipings and the Imperialists. Li-Hung-Chang's province of Kiang-su was the main theatre of the conflict, the Imperialists' object being to regain possession of Nankin, the old capital of the Empire. When Li-Hung-Chang

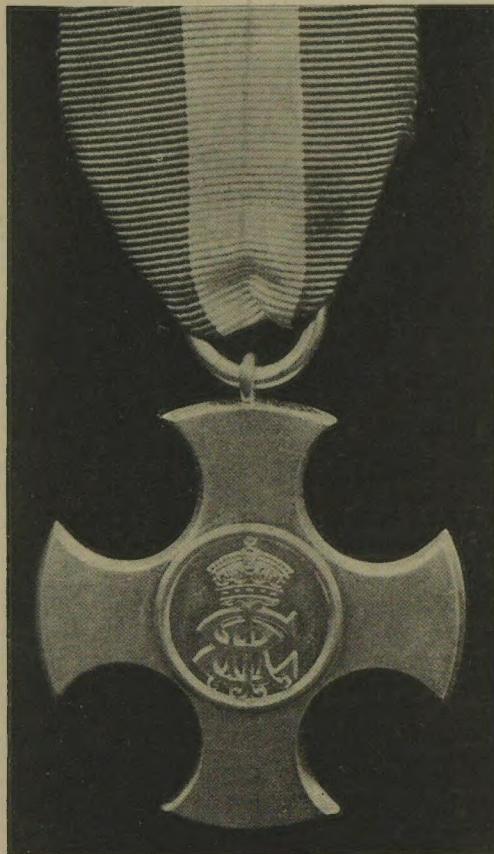


Photo. Cozens, Southsea.
THE NEW DECORATION FOR CONSPICUOUS SERVICE
IN THE NAVY.

entered upon his office, European and American Powers had been lending armed assistance to the Imperialists, and although the Governor of Kiang-su recognised the importance of their help, he was not without suspicion of their motives. Hence constant disagreement, which prejudiced the success of the Imperialists, who only began to make headway when the command of the Allies was placed in the hands of Captain Gordon, the future hero of Khartoum. Even the wily Li-Hung-Chang had to give way before Gordon's force of character. Gordon did not hesitate to exact arrears of pay by the bold stroke of resignation, and after Li-Hung-Chang's treacherous massacre of the Suchau rebels, the British leader held aloof from operations for two months. Chaos ensued, and compassion for China led Gordon to return to the field, for he realised that it was not Li-Hung-Chang but the country that he was punishing by his inaction.

In 1865 Li was appointed Viceroy of Nankin, and two years later Viceroy of Canton, but the crown of his official career was the Viceroyalty of Tientsin, which he held for twenty-five years as the most prominent public man in China. On him for nearly thirty years rested the whole of the corrupt fabric of the Chinese Empire. During the war between China and Japan he at first held the chief command of the naval and military forces, but he was shortly degraded and superseded. The successive deprivations and restorations of his Yellow Jacket and Peacock's Feather became, indeed, something of a joke in the West. The year 1896 was memorable in his career for the European and American tour which he then undertook. At Moscow he represented the Emperor of China at the coronation of the Czar, and thereafter his travels extended to Germany, the Hague, Brussels, Paris, and England.

Li paid his respects to Queen Victoria, did homage before Gordon's statue, both in Trafalgar Square and in St. Paul's, visited almost everything of interest in this country, and suffered himself to be interviewed—that is to say, he received a representative of the Press, and then, by a neat turning of the tables, interviewed his interviewer. He also interested himself in industrial and scientific questions with a view to Chinese reform. He returned to China by way of the United States and Japan; and a few days after his arrival was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs. At the same time, for a technical offence, he was deprived of one year's salary. Li-Hung-Chang accordingly declared that he would retire into private life, but remained at his post, lending his support, no doubt, to the Dowager Empress against

the Emperor. In 1898 he was again under a cloud, and there were dubious whispers regarding his integrity. His dismissal from the Tsung-li-Yamen followed, and this was considered a success for British diplomacy; 1898, however, saw another swing of the pendulum, and Li-Hung-Chang came back to power. Once again his star waned, and as Viceroy of Canton he had to seek dignified exile from the Court. There the recent Boxer trouble found him, and as soon as the Allies entered Peking he reappeared at the capital and conducted the Peace negotiations. In these he showed himself the Celestial to the fingertips, evasive, procrastinating, and to a great extent the instrument of Russia.

OUR PORTRAITS OF PRINCES.

The sons of the German Emperor, whose portraits we publish this week, are nothing if not manly, and their training from their earliest years has been on the lines of the severest discipline. Prince Adalbert, the third son, has within the last few days passed with the highest credit one of his Navy examinations. The Crown Prince is nineteen, Prince Eitel Fritz a year younger, Prince Adalbert is sixteen, Prince August William is thirteen, Prince Oscar is twelve, and Prince Joachim ten. Our picture of one of the little Princes of Wales and his sister, Princess Victoria, was taken at a port-hole of the *Ophir*.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY.

The death of Miss Kate Greenaway on November 6, at Hampstead, makes a further gap in the now thinned ranks of the artists of the nineteenth century who really had an influence on the aspect of the streets and the homes of two hemispheres. Miss Kate Greenaway governed the fashions of the nursery; for years her drawings were a sort of mould of form for babies and little girls; and her colours were in such things an accepted standard for the eye. She was born fifty-five years ago, and was sent by her father—a well-known wood-engraver—to the art-classes at South Kensington, to Heatherley's life-classes, and to the Slade School. The old Dudley Gallery—a nursery of young reputations—first hung her drawings; but it was not by exhibitions that she was to win her great fame. Christmas books, Christmas cards, birthday books—these, twenty-two years ago, became the rage, and Kate Greenaway's drawings were its great justification.

AUSTRALIAN GIFTS TO GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

The East Conference Room of the Imperial Institute was the scene on Nov. 6 of the presentation of a sword of honour and a one-pound bar of gold to Major-General Baden-Powell. The sword, which bears the inscription, "A tribute from the people of Australia in recognition of the brave defence of Mafeking," completes the presentation from Australia, which also includes two chargers and saddlery, already sent to Cape Town; the bar of gold, which was contained in a case of Queensland cedar-wood, was given by miners of the Croydon goldfields in North Queensland, and bears an inscription stating that, like

the General, it is twenty-four carat. Mr. Chamberlain presided over the meeting, and among those present were the Agents-General for Tasmania, South Australia, Western Australia, New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal, and Victoria, Mrs. Chamberlain, and Lady Baden-Powell.

NEW LIBRARY AT HULL.

Lord Avebury visited Hull on Nov. 6 for the purpose of opening the Central Free Library. Sir James Reckitt,

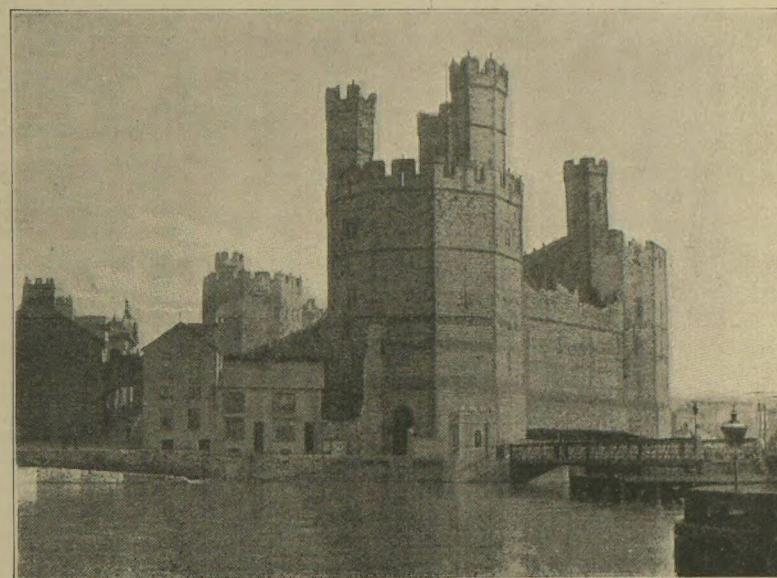


Photo. E. T. Hall.
THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES: THE EAGLE TOWER,
CARNARVON CASTLE.

EDWARD II. WAS BORN ON APRIL 25, 1284.

who in 1892 gave £12,000 to the East Hull Library, presided at the opening ceremony, and presented a beautiful key to Lord Avebury, remarking that it would enable him to enter the building without their let or leave whenever he might come to Hull. After a speech in which he congratulated those assembled on having in the building "a public-house, not for the sale of beer, but for the supply of good sound literature for the people," Lord Avebury unlocked the door, and formally declared the library open. The new building cost, in round numbers, £20,000.

EXPLOSION ON THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

A gun explosion, involving the loss of seven lives, and the wounding of eighteen sailors and marines, including Commander Sir R. Arbuthnot, occurred on Nov. 9 on the battle-ship *Royal Sovereign*. The accident was reported, in a telegram from the Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean Station, to have been due to the ignition of a 6-in. cartridge with the breech-screw of the gun not in place. A fragment of smouldering cartridge had presumably been left in the breech after the firing of the gun, and had ignited the next cartridge. The gun and the cordite were perfect. The *Royal Sovereign* put in to Malta from Platea on Nov. 11. A special committee is investigating the details of the explosion. Captain Spurway, R.M.A., and the men killed were buried at sea. The *Royal Sovereign* was one of the battle-ships built in pursuance of the Naval Defence Act. She was launched in February of this year.



THE DANISH WEST INDIES, FOR THE PURCHASE OF WHICH THE U.S. GOVERNMENT IS NEGOTIATING.

The Danish islands are St. John, St. Thomas, and Santa Cruz.

THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE BRAVE BUGLER, OF FORT ITALA.

On Sept. 26, after the outpost had been carried, the bugler was attacked by six Boers, but in spite of opposition and a wound, he succeeded in sounding a warning to the garrison in the fort. For this the Boers belaboured him unmercifully.

THE CAP THAT FITTED.

By B. M. CROKER.

Illustrated by Allan Stewart.

IT was a dull, damp afternoon late in January nineteen hundred, a perfect day for a warm fireside, an arm-chair, and a genial novel; nevertheless, the terminus at Southampton was filled and surrounded by a well-dressed anxious crowd, who were patiently awaiting the arrival of a troop train from Aldershot, conveying two regiments of Yeomanry to the transport *Urania*, now lying alongside in the dock, and within a stone's throw from the station. Among the throng were many sad faces, and already some wet eyes; for here were fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, who had assembled to take leave of, to see for perhaps the last time, their nearest and dearest. The nation, still quivering from the shock of Magersfontein and Colenso, was sending forth with all speed money, guns, and men. The widow's only child; the young millionaire—his own father; the stableman, his own master—all sorts and conditions of volunteers fell in at the "Assembly," shoulder to shoulder. Besides the groups of waiting relatives and personal friends, there were a certain number of detached folk who had attended the embarkation from various motives, such as a desire to witness an uncommon spectacle, a keen spirit of patriotism, which impelled them to encourage others who went to fight for their country, whilst they were compelled to remain at home; and over and above all these was a vast leaven of the hearty British public, which adores and applauds Tommy Atkins. It was not exactly Tommy that the packed masses were ready to acclaim, but his newly raised brother, the Imperial Yeoman, a gentleman in the present instance largely recruited from the upper classes, an individual accustomed to his club, his shoot, his hunters, and now about to learn for the first time what is meant by the expression "roughing it"—about to say good-bye not only to his

friends, but also to take leave of his white shirts, evening clothes, and club for quite an indefinite period.

Among the privileged groups on the platform stood two ladies a little apart. The elder of these was a tall, striking-looking woman of about forty, as smart as a Bond Street firm, old lace, and sable could make her. She wore a large bunch of violets among her furs, and carried in her muff a solid parcel and a dainty hand-kerchief. This was Mrs. Roland Longstaffe, a wealthy widow, who had come down from London in order to speed "a friend," the friend being a certain hard-featured Major Sholto, late of the Madrigal Hussars, now employed in the Blue Light Yeomanry. The lady was sagacious, vivacious, and wise, and never left it in the power of any of her dear friends to "talk." She took particular care to be always provided with a reliable chaperon of some description; on the present occasion her companion was a pretty dark-eyed girl of twenty. Sybil Hampden lived next door but two to Mrs. Longstaffe in Queen's Gate; and, in the opinion of that lady, endured a pathetically dull existence; indeed, most of the poor child's little pleasures were due to herself, and in the present instance she had brought her down to Southampton to witness the embarkation of the Yeomanry, and to officiate as her own sheep-dog.

"How late the train is!" she exclaimed, stamping on the platform; "my feet are so cold with standing."

"What have you got in that parcel?" inquired the girl. "Shall I carry it?"

"Only a pocket-filter—he is sure not to have thought of it—and two pieces of soap. No; it is not a romantic parting gift, my dear, but will be useful. I'm practical if I'm anything, am I not?"

"You are indeed," assented the other.

"I have arranged to send him out a box of good

things once a week, and also parcels of shirts and socks, so he will be fairly comfortable."

"Yes, if they reach him."

"You horrid pessimist. Of course they will."

"I suppose he is low at going?"

"Yes; he told me last night, with tears in his voice, that he was wearing the last white shirt he would see for months. Well, his laundress will have a holiday; he has taken years from her life."

"Look! here comes the troop-train," cried the girl, with enthusiasm.

The station suddenly developed into a scene of the most wonderful activity as the special came to a full stop; carriage doors were burst open, khaki-clad warriors poured forth, brisk officials in uniform and Staff officers hurried forward, and all was clamour, noise, greetings, chaff, and cheers.

Mrs. Longstaffe had very quickly discovered her own particular friend; her chaperon's services were abruptly dispensed with, and Sybil turned away and watched the scene while the widow and the weather-beaten little soldier exchanged hasty sentences. Everyone had someone to speak to: everyone seemed engaged except herself. The Yeomen were encompassed by friends, and while the baggage was being taken on board the transport, for a few moments discipline was relaxed. Outside the station and along the dock the arrival of troops had been received with cheer upon cheer. A band of the regulars was playing "Auld Lang Syne," and the noise and uproar were deafening, as produced by a combination of steam donkey-engines, the buzz of a thousand tongues, a brass band and a big drum.

Sybil's eyes travelled quickly from group to group; she wished to imprint this stirring scene upon her mind, and remember it always. The smartly clad Yeomen, with



"Here you are—a cap."

their brown belts and jaunty slouch hats, their kit-bags slung over their shoulders, the busy officials, the engrossed family groups: she alone had no friend to speed; and—there was a young Yeoman on baggage-guard who apparently had no one to see him off: no, not a soul to wish him good-bye and safe return. She glanced at him again. He was middle-sized and slight, about six-and-twenty, with resolute blue eyes, a square chin, and a pleasant face. He, too, had noticed her—a pretty girl with dark eyes, dressed in brown, with a red hat, who apparently had not come to take leave of anyone. She stood there, aloof, idle, a mere looker-on; and the two strangers, who were about ten feet apart, surveyed one another gravely. She looked at him softly, he looked at her steadily. At least they had one thing in common—their complete isolation. The girl had no friend going out to the war, and apparently the Yeoman left no aching heart behind.

An arbitrary bugle sounded, leave-takings were hurried over or cut short, the men trooped on board in single file and fell in on the main deck in line; while again the spectators cheered (those who were not sobbing), the band played, and the General Officer of the District inspected the Yeomen, and warmly congratulated the Colonel in command.

Mrs. Longstaffe had taken leave of her friend, and rejoined her chaperon with her face rather white and drawn. The last load was on board, the last kiss had been given, the transport cast off, the band playing "The Girl I left Behind Me." It was all nothing to Sybil Hampden; she was an outsider. Why did she feel so choky; her eyes smarted, and her nose felt hot. As the *Urania* moved from her berth the crowd cheered vociferously, the band wailed, the soldiers lined the side three deep, every available handkerchief was fluttering. Mrs. Longstaffe's was somewhat damp with tears. The ship was moving off, the deck a scene of farewells. Alone, near the stern, stood the solitary unbefriended Yeoman; and Sybil Hampden, stirred by some resistless impulse, she, the strictly brought up orphan niece of two prim maiden aunts, found herself carried away on the flood-tide of enthusiasm, and waving wildly, continuously, and affectionately to this most utterly strange young man, fiercely resolved that someone should speed him. And he? He was waving to her with sustained enthusiasm.

Then the transport rounded a point rather suddenly, the music and cheering ceased with startling abruptness, the sea-fog enveloped all in one grey pall, and the hush and silence which fell upon the crowd was as solemn as if they had attended a funeral.

"Who on earth were you waving to, Sybil?" inquired her friend as they journeyed up to London *vis-à-vis*. "You did not know a soul."

"No, not one creature except Major Sholto. I was waving to an idea."

"To an ideal?" suggested the lady.

"And wishing good luck to them all. Oh, it is a scene and an experience I shall never forget."

"Then imagine how you would feel if you were interested in any one of the passengers," said the other in a choked voice. "I've kept up pretty well, I've hardly shed a tear, but I know I'll not be fit to see anyone for days, and I shall break—my—engagements."

Six weeks later a large party of ladies were working in Mrs. Longstaffe's drawing-room, and among them sat Sybil Hampden. Sybil was an orphan left to the care of two maiden aunts, and supposed to have every heart's wish gratified. For instance, she had money of her own, she had a pretty face and figure, she had a maid, and a carriage, but she led a desperately dull, monotonous life—there was so little in it! Her Aunts Charlotte and Sara were a pair of prim old maids, on the borders of sixty. Charlotte was an invalid, and a martyr to neuralgia. "My neuralgia" she called it, as if it were her special and exclusive bane. Sara was abandoned to the cult of cats, and exhibited successfully at all the most important shows; the care of her prizes and her correspondence absorbed entirely her time and interest. Sybil knew so few young people; her aunts' friends were old maids and solemn dowagers, who came and talked symptoms and servants, Silver Blues, Angoras, and champion cats, ate and drank, and went heavily away; her opportunities of comparing notes with her contemporaries were rare, but she had read novels; she also devoured the daily papers, and took a warm interest in the war—a flame sedulously fanned by her neighbour, who utilised her zeal, and turned it into the practical shape of flannel shirts and woollen caps. Mrs. Longstaffe organised large working parties three times a week in her own house. It was at one of these that Sybil, having finished a blue woollen cap, stretched her arms out wearily, and said to her neighbour—

"This makes my hundredth cap—I'm going to celebrate it."

"How?"

"Well, I've worked in a good-sized lock of my hair—they say it brings luck."

"Yes, but if you did that every time, you'd soon be wearing a wig. I wonder who will get the lucky cap?"

"So do I. How I should like to be a cap, to go out and see what happens! Look!"—tying it on—"is it not a nice one—so evenly knitted in the best Scotch fingering? I wish I were a bird to watch these caps distributed, and see who gets this."

"Some Tommy, of course."

Sybil made no reply; she was buried in thought; and presently the other girl continued—

"Suppose you write a note, and put it inside?"

"Oh, no," with a start, "I really could not do that."

"But, oh yes; and say, 'If whoever receives this cap, wears it, and brings it home, will call at 700, Queen's Gate and ask for 'S. H.' he may hear of something to his advantage.'"

"I declare I will write it—yes, and if the cap calls, I will give the man a pound of tobacco and a sovereign. See, I'll know it again," and she exhibited a strand of bright brown hair woven into the blue wool. Sybil was thoroughly at home in Mrs. Longstaffe's charming

drawing-room, and she went over to her writing-table, inscribed something on a card, which she showed to her companion in the hollow of her hand, and hastily sewed it into the cap with clever, nimble fingers.

"It may bring me a visitor, who will tell me all about his deeds and the war—who knows?"

"Yes, anyhow if you have a visitor it will be a nice change—quite an event," remarked her friend; "you never have any men calling—have you?"

"No; only our rector, our doctor, the cats' doctor, and one or two funny old fogies. My aunts can't bear young men; they are so rude to the prizes."

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed the girl through her nose. She was a wicked mimic, and was taking off Miss Sara Hampden to the life, as well as to her niece's face.

"Oh, Susie, how can you?" she expostulated.

"How can *they*?" she retorted—"those two old ladies of yours, keep you shut up, and be so indifferent to what is going on in the world? Their horizon is bounded by pussies and patent pills."

"They think war is wicked, and they rather disapprove of my coming in here to these sewing-parties."

"Oh, oh! and what would they say if they knew you were sending out to some unknown soldier a cap containing a letter and a lock of your hair?"

Sybil became crimson, then she laughed; the young lady had a will and a spirit of her own.

"I don't care. I am doing no harm; and some dear, good, brave Tommy now fighting for you and me will be all the better for a smoke and a sovereign."

It was a bitterly cold bright day on the veldt near Kroonstad; for although the hard African sun was shining fiercely, the wind was blowing to correspond, great clouds of thick yellow dust swept across the plain, strewn with empty cartridges, meat-tins, and the bones of dead, unhappy horses, and worn-out trek-oxen.

A trooper on a jaded Argentine was cantering towards a spot where a number of his corps were encamped, and scattered among fires, tents, and zinc-roofed huts. He was the same friendless Yeoman we had noticed at Southampton, considerably thinner, shabbier, and more sun-burned than when we saw him on baggage-guard. He had taken part in some sharp fights, and done an amazing amount of hard work. He came of a race of soldiers; yet when he embarked on service, he did so in despite of his father's express commands.

Josselyn Lovelace, of the Bachelors' Club and Boodle's, was an only son and heir of a wealthy man. He had left home under rather painful circumstances. Seeing that his father was inflexible, he had departed with a portmanteau one morning at dawn, volunteered, passed well in riding, shooting, and drill, and gone forth to fight for his country as a unit in the Yeomanry. The former London dandy was now an ordinary trooper, who knew how to cook and wash and groom, and was accustomed to lie on the veldt, to go for hours without food, and to carry his life in his hand.

As he galloped up, dismounted, and hurriedly off-saddled, he found that his comrades had just completed the emptying of a large case of comforts from home. One exhibited a sweater, another a flannel shirt, a third a pair of socks—most of them wore caps—beautiful brand-new knitted caps.

"All right, Joe," cried a man, "I've kept something for you—what would you like? Come now."

"Oh, a shirt—the one I have on won't hold together another day; it's like lace."

"Sorry, we are just out of shirts."

"Well, then, socks; chuck 'em here."

"No—here you are—a cap," and he tossed across a blue woollen cap, which the other caught and put on his head.

"At any rate, it will keep my ears warm at night," he exclaimed with a laugh, "but it's not my colour."

"Why—what's your colour?"

"Mud colour, to be sure. I say, bar jokes, Tom, you might have kept me a pair of socks."

"They were gone before you could wink your eye. I suppose you had a pretty stiff day, scouting?"

"Stiff? I should think so. Hi! what's in this cap?" And he pulled it off and turned it inside out. "A note! Well—I am blessed!" And he read aloud: "If whoever finds and wears this cap will call at 700, Queen's Gate and ask for 'S. H.' he may hear of something to his advantage."

"It has come with the Tommies' presents—some cook, I should say."

"And I should say not," replied Joe. "Look at this lock of hair knitted in—a great big chunk; and what a colour, and so fine!"

"The poor fellow is raving," remarked his friend to an imaginary bystander.

"Not a bit of it, you old ass! Hair means luck—maybe this is my luck—and if I get home safe and sound along with the cap—that's understood—I shall certainly look up 'S. H.' and see what she has got to say for herself."

"I bet you what you like it's an old woman—the writing is so shaky."

"Do old women have nut-brown hair?"

"Certainly, when they choose to pay for it."

"Only I've something else to do, I'd punch your head. Now I'm off to feed and water Barebones and myself."

On a certain foggy afternoon late in October, a smart Yeoman sprang out of a hansom at 700, Queen's Gate, and rang with a bold free hand a bell accustomed to a deferential tinkle.

After a long and astonished silence, the door was opened by a thin, elderly man-servant with large grey mutton-chop whiskers, who stared stolidly.

"Does anyone whose initials are 'S. H.' live here?" inquired the visitor, with an off-hand air.

"S. H.," repeated the butler. "Well, since you ask, my own name is Silas Herring."

"Silas Herring!" echoed the Yeoman, and his face looked very blank. "Is there no one else with your initials in the establishment?"

Mr. Herring gave a little self-conscious cough, rubbed his chin, and acknowledged that Miss Sara Hampden, the lady of the house, had also a claim on the letters S. H.

"Do you think I can see her?"

"Well, Sir, yes." The Yeoman had the voice and the bearing of a gentleman. "She's only just back from the show, and it's close on her tea-time; still—"

"Still," repeated the visitor, tendering half a sovereign, "you will show me up?"

Herring coughed, swiftly secreted the coin, and nodded assent. "Who shall I say, Sir?"

"Never mind my name; it's all right, I've come in answer to a message."

Sergeant Lovelace speedily followed the lean man-servant up the softly carpeted stairs, and into a large front drawing-room, furnished in quite the best early Victorian style.

"Someone to see you, Miss Hampden," announced Herring in his softest key. An old lady wearing grey bobbing curls, a bonnet, and a large velvet cloak sat by the fire reading a paper, and nursing an enormous Angora cat. Two cats (specimens) shared an armchair, and a dignified "Very Highly Commended" was looking out of the window, meditating on the wickedness of people who keep caged birds.

"Is it in answer to an advertisement?" questioned Miss Hampden, as she stared incredulously, "about a cat—a Siamese cat?"

"No, Madam, not a cat, but a cap," responded the young man.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Lovelace—Sergeant Lovelace."

"Herring, mind you don't go away," she said excitedly. "What do you mean by letting in strangers?"

"I presume I have the honour of speaking to 'S. H.,'" said the undaunted visitor, with his best bow; and to himself: "By Jove! Errington was right—it's an old woman, after all."

"S. H." she repeated. "Yes, those are my initials."

"And this is 700, Queen's Gate—then I have come to return you the cap."

"Cap—the man's mad. Herring, don't you stir. If it was *cat*, there would be some sense in it. Cap! Most extraordinary—what cap?"

"Why—yours, Madam," and to the amazement of the old lady he produced and handed to her a shabby, well-worn, blue cap.

"My good man, I really don't know anything about it," she protested piteously, waving him away with her newspaper. "This is most extraordinary."

"Perhaps you will recognise your writing?" and the visitor handed her a much creased card.

"If it's for a subscription—" she began excitedly.

"No, it is not," he interrupted, suppressing his impatience with difficulty.

"Then what do you want?"

"I want to see the lady who made the cap, and wrote the card," replied Lovelace doggedly.

"Oh," glancing at it through her spectacles, and shaking her head, "this is most extraordinary—it's Sybil's writing. Why, she made hundreds of caps. She is my niece—and a—a—little peculiar. Herring, call Miss Sybil. What did you say your name was, eh?"

"Lovelace—Josselyn Lovelace."

"Not one of the Lovelaces of Herrow Place?"

"Yes, the other is my father."

"Oh, dear me, this is *most* extraordinary! I used to know him! Why are you—a—mere—a common soldier? What does Sir George think of it?"

"At first he thought so badly of it that he would not allow me to volunteer, and I went out in spite of him as a trooper in the Yeomanry. Now I am home he is all right, and as pleased as Punch."

"Oh, and you are Sir George's only son, and I thought you'd come about a Siamese cat—most extraordinary. Ah, here is my niece Sybil."

The sergeant sprang to his feet as he recognised in the lady who now swept into the room the pretty girl with brown eyes who had waved him farewell at Southampton more than a year previously. She stood still, and coloured up to the roots of her hair, as she became aware of the friendless Yeoman.

"My dear," said her aunt quite briskly, rising as she spoke, and carefully setting down "First prize in Class 2 Angoras," "this is the son of my old friend Sir George Lovelace; he has called to see you about a woollen cap," and she handed it to her niece with considerable formality.

"Oh, yes, I made this," she admitted, as she twisted it about nervously. "I recognise—the stitch."

"Lock-stitch," added the visitor, with peculiar significance, and a flash of malicious humour in his eyes.

"Just to vary the monotony, I put in a little—inscription."

"Offering a reward," appended the Yeoman.

"Yes, it was the hundredth cap I finished, and I thought a soldier might bring it here, and I would give him a pound of tobacco and a sovereign; and you—it fell to you."

"I hope you don't grudge it—it was the comfort of my life," replied the wearer. "I never had a cap that fitted me half so well. I dreamt in it every night—the lining brought me visions."

"I am glad to hear it," she faltered. "I never supposed it would fall into the hands of a gentleman. I cannot offer you money or tobacco."

"No, but you can give him a cup of tea," interrupted Miss Hampden. "Here is Herring with the urn. And you can talk it over and find out Mr. Lovelace's tastes. I must say, it is most extraordinary. Now I wonder if he would like a pure Manx kitten?"

Although not a cat-fancier, and invulnerable to the charms of kittens, Mr. Lovelace, in tall hat and orthodox frock-coat, presently became a daily visitor at 700, Queen's Gate, and was also received with effusive cordiality by the future Mrs. Sholto. Within quite a surprisingly short time, he had heard from the lips of "S. H."—the original and lovely "S. H."—of something which he considered essential to his happiness and immeasurably to his—advantage.

THE END.



THE NEW RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP, "RETVIZAN," AND THE LATEST UNITED STATES SUBMARINE IN DRY DOCK AT BROOKLYN.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT NEW YORK.

The "Retvizan," which holds the world's speed record for battle-ships (18.8 knots per hour), was built by Cramp's, of Philadelphia, and the two boats represent the very latest engines of war extant.



THE FIRST SHOTS FROM SHIPBOARD IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: H.M.S. "PARTRIDGE" FIRING ON THE BOERS AT SALDANHA BAY, CAPE COLONY.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

On news being received that the Boers were making for Saldanha Bay, a port only fifty miles from Cape Town, H.M. gun-boat "Partridge" was ordered to the spot. She was under sail as well as steam, and the enemy, no doubt imagining her to be a coasting-trader, did not take the alarm until, on rounding the corner, she shortened sail, and opened fire with four guns at a range of 2000 yards. The Boers, frustrated in their attempt to raid the town, retreated inland.



THE GUILDHALL BANQUET, NOVEMBER 9.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



THE RECEPTION IN THE LIBRARY: THE LORD MAYOR READING THE KING'S REPLY TO THE CITY'S BIRTHDAY GREETING,
THE FIRST SINCE HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION.

THE PROPOSED CORONATION GIFT
TO THE KING:

A WARD IN THE WEST LONDON HOSPITAL.

No more admirable suggestion for the form which the people's Coronation gift to the King should take has been made than that embodied in the appeal which reaches us from Viscount Duncannon, chairman of the Organisation Committee of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund for London. Briefly, the proposal is that this great and important Fund, inaugurated in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, should be brought up to the amount sufficient to fulfil its original intention—namely, the permanent endowment of the London hospitals, which would mean the emancipation of these institutions from the burden of debt and the opening of all hospital beds to the poor. In the year of the foundation of the Fund the sum obtained by it was £227,551. In 1898 the income, including interest on investments, was £30,272; in 1899, £48,536; in 1900, £51,549; a total of £366,908. The awards have amounted to £178,000, and more than £174,000 has been invested. Two hundred and eighty-seven beds have been reopened through the

agency of the Fund. Taking the average length of occupation at the usually accepted figure—fourteen persons per year—this statement means that in this connection alone 4000 more sufferers have had room found

pointed out defects, made special grants towards capital expenditure, continuously set a high standard of administration before Boards of Management, and enlarged the area of sympathy. It has been a careful trustee of

charity, and yet has dealt generously with pressing needs. The Fund is now, by its Organising Committee, calling attention once again to its royal founder's estimate that £100,000 a year should be added to the resources of the London hospital service. £50,000 a year has, it is hoped, been securely found; but if death took away none of the present donors, at least £50,000 a year would remain to be found. The Committee is issuing a general appeal to the Press, to factories, and to offices for this sum. It would be a worthy Coronation gift to the Sovereign from the people of London. Printed subscription-sheets are being issued, and will be furnished on

application to the Organising Committee, 1, Tudor Street. Remittances should be made as early as possible after the end of every month to the Hon. Secretaries, Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund for London, Bank of England.

COMPLETION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOSPITAL FUND.



THE CHILDREN'S WARD AT ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.



SOME OF THE HOSPITAL FUND BENEFICIARIES: WAITING FOR ADVICE AT A LONDON HOSPITAL.

for them, which is equivalent to the erection and maintenance of a large hospital for the in-treatment of the suffering poor at an infinitely less cost. It has regularly inspected the recipient institutions, has urged extensions,



A CORNER OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.



AN EXAMINATION AT THE OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.



LITTLE PATIENTS AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.

THE RECENT ENGLISH PILGRIMAGE TO THE VATICAN.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.



THE RECEPTION OF FIFTY-ONE ENGLISH PILGRIMS BY POPE LEO XIII. ON NOVEMBER 7.

The Pilgrims were introduced by the Bishop of Liverpool, who presented an address. Afterwards the Pope entered into conversation with individual members of the pilgrimage, expressing his special interest in England. Before retiring, the visitors kissed the Pope's toe.

THE LATE LI-HUNG-CHANG: INCIDENTS OF HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1896.



TWO GREAT PRIME MINISTERS: LI-HUNG-CHANG WITH MR. GLADSTONE
AT HAWARDEN CASTLE.



LI-HUNG-CHANG AT THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY LORD SALISBURY IN HIS HONOUR
AT HATFIELD HOUSE.

LI-HUNG-CHANG'S REMEMBRANCE OF HIS FORMER AILEY: HIS VISIT TO THE TOMB
OF GENERAL GORDON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

A MEETING OF EAST AND WEST: LI-HUNG-CHANG'S VISIT TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT OSBORNE;
HIS EXCELLENCY READING AN ADDRESS FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

THE LATE LI-HUNG-CHANG: INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER.



LI-HUNG-CHANG AT COCKRILL FOUNDRY, BEIJING.

THE PIONEER OF CHINESE RAILWAYS: LI-HUNG-CHANG AT THE HYDE PARK LOCOMOTIVE WORKS, GLASGOW, AUGUST 18, 1896.
His Excellency was the first to start railways in China.

LI-HUNG-CHANG IN 1896.

Photo, Russell.

LI-HUNG-CHANG'S RESIDENCE IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, 1896.

LI-HUNG-CHANG AT MOSCOW.

LI-HUNG-CHANG, AS VICEROY OF TIENSIN.



Photo. supplied by C. Curnock.

A REPUTED RUBENS: THE CRUCIFIXION.
IN THE HANDS OF A BIRMINGHAM DEALER.



Photo. Schaarwächter.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S SONS IN THE UNIFORM
OF THE 1ST POTSDAM FOOT GUARDS.



Photo. Symonds, Portsmouth.

H.M. BATTLE-SHIP "ROYAL SOVEREIGN," ON WHICH A SERIOUS EXPLOSION
TOOK PLACE, NOVEMBER 9.



Photo. Russell.

TWO CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS
OF WALES AT A PORT-HOLE OF THE "OPHIR."



Photo. Wellsted, Hull.

THE HULL CENTRAL FREE LIBRARY, OPENED BY LORD AVEBURY,
NOVEMBER 6.



Photo. Fradelle and Young.

THE PRESENTATION OF A SWORD OF HONOUR TO MAJOR-GENERAL
BADMEN-POWELL AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE, NOVEMBER 6.



A POST OF HONOUR ON THE CZAR'S GUARD: THE SENIOR NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF THE PRLOBRAJENSKI REGIMENT ON NIGHT DUTY AT THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

From the barracks of the 1st Regiment of Guards a covered bridge leads to the Winter Palace. Every night after "taps" (lights out), the senior non-commissioned officer takes his cot across the door of communication, and does not leave his post until reveille. The duty is highly coveted, and brings with it increased emoluments.



THE CAPTURE OF YOLA, BENUE, NORTHERN NIGERIA, ON SEPTEMBER 2, BY THE WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The Emir Zuburu, of British Adamawa, having indulged in slave-raiding and other offences, was warned by the British authorities of Northern Nigeria. He sent back unanswered a letter from the Acting High Commissioner, and it was accordingly decided to send an expedition to Yola, his capital, to bring him to his sense. The most serious opposition was encountered at the Emir's palace and an adjoining mosque, which were held by musketeers and archers. The enemy also used two old French guns. After a sharp encounter, Colonel Morland carried the position. The Emir fled, and next day his brother was installed ruler by the British.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My readers will recollect that some time ago I discussed in this column the all-important question of the possibility of the transmission of tuberculosis from the lower animals to man. This topic arose naturally out of the Tuberculosis Congress which was held in London in July last. I pointed out that the subject was nothing short of a national one, because it dealt with issues affecting materially the health and prosperity of every civilised people. The chief interest in connection with the subject was excited by Dr. R. Koch's assertion that he could not experimentally convey to animals (cows and pigs) the human disease. This conclusion startled the whole world of science, because it overturned the accepted beliefs regarding the conditions under which tuberculosis could be handed on. Besides, all our sanitary legislation is based on the notion that tuberculous meat and milk are sources of infection, and it was at once seen that a very serious blow would be struck at such precautions as the law enforces if Koch's conclusions were to be regarded as correct.

The announcement of Koch's belief that human tuberculosis could not be handed on to pigs or cows might be regarded in one view of things as in no sense implying the opposite conclusion—namely, that the bovine disease was incapable of being transmitted by affected meat and milk to man. But by parity of reasoning, science has come to accept the possibility of Koch being right as regards both issues, and it became the clear duty of investigators to put the matter thoroughly to the test. If the human disease is not transmissible to lower life, we might be told that, as a corollary proposition, the bovine ailment need not be feared by man. Hence the markets might be flooded with diseased meat and infected milk without anybody daring to grumble at being provided with such articles of daily consumption. Koch himself led up to the idea that tuberculosis was not transmissible from cow to man. He asserted that if it were so, we should find many more cases of the human disease in which the digestive system was the original seat of the trouble. Especially in the case of infants, fed on milk, is there a liability to contract tuberculosis. Koch's statement was to the effect that such primary attack on the digestive system was found to be rare in Berlin. Hence his conclusion that tuberculous milk had little or no effect on the human being.

But in Edinburgh and London the percentage of such cases was found to be about thirty, and British experience does not certainly accord with that of Berlin. I suggested that if Koch's figures were to be taken as correct, we should find the divergence explained by the fact that German mothers are much more careful over the boiling and sterilisation of the milk on which they feed their infants than is the British matron. But even allowing this suggestion to pass into the background, it has also been pointed out that infants might be infected by tuberculous milk, and die of the disease, without the evidence of infection being necessarily found in the digestive system. Tubercle bacilli have a habit of wandering or passing from the digestive system to infect other parts of the body; therefore Dr. Koch's idea of the importance of evidence of original attack on the digestive organs is not by any means so cogent as might at first sight be supposed.

Thus this great question remained at the close of the Congress. We were assured, however, that our American cousins had commenced their investigations into the reality or otherwise of Koch's views even before the Congress had ended its labours. At home, similar researches have been undertaken, and are still proceeding. It is with the view of keeping my readers *au courant* with the progress of this all-important piece of research that I revert to the subject to-day. Among other scientists who are engaged in investigating the matter, we find Professor S. Delépine, of Manchester, one of our most distinguished pathologists. He has issued a preliminary report on his investigations, which is of high interest from the conclusions which he has reached. These are not final results, be it observed. The research is still in progress, but it is of service to us all that the progress of investigations which bear so intimately on our welfare should be duly chronicled.

Four calves were used in the experiments to which I allude. The cost of the experiments was borne by Dr. Delépine himself. The animals were infected by inoculation, and by having tuberculous matter from human lungs administered in milk. Every precaution was observed in respect of the conditions necessary to secure accurate results. The tuberculin test (which is used to indicate whether or not the animal has tuberculosis) was not employed as a preliminary, because Dr. Delépine regarded the possibility of tuberculin rendering the animals less susceptible to infection. Of the four calves thus treated, unfortunately only two survived long enough to enable the investigator to arrive at any definite results. Still, the results he does chronicle are very important, and should be estimated at their full value by the public. Here are Dr. Delépine's own words: "These two (surviving) calves had contracted tuberculosis as the result of ingestion of, or peritoneal infection with, human tuberculous sputa."

Such conclusions are in direct opposition to those arrived at by Dr. R. Koch. Therefore, at this stage of the investigation we have at least to chronicle a very important divergence between the results arrived at in Germany and those arising out of the Manchester experiments. We have learned enough, in other words, to render further experimentation most necessary. The causes of the divergence to which I have alluded may perchance be found in conditions which are represented in the bacilli used for inoculation. Research directed to solve the problem on some such lines may succeed in settling the whole question of infection.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to *Chess Editor*.
 J. PAUL TAYLOR (Bromley).—Thanks for your letter. Your solution is right, and acknowledged below. We are considering the promotion problem.
 G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON, W. A. LILLICO, E. J. WINTER WOOD, J. PAUL TAYLOR, AND OTHERS.—Thanks for your appreciation of No. 3002.
 W. J. H. (Hampstead).—No. Black does not win; the game is drawn.
 ALPHA.—We fear your solution of No. 3002 will not do. Try again.
 R. THOMPSON (Fulham).—You must practise continually over the board. No amount of book-study will be of much use without it.
 M. FITZGERALD (Cahirciveen).—Yes; a diagram is essential.
 J. BRYDEN (Wimbledon).—In regard to short mates, that is a fad with which we have no sympathy.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2993 received from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 2994 from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2995 from C. A. M. (Penang), and Richard Burke (Teldene, Ceylon); of Nos. 2996 and 2997 from Richard Burke and M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 2999 from Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.), J. Bailey (Newark), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3000 from T. Roberts, J. Bryden (Wimbledon), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), J. Muxworthy (Hock), and Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia); of No. 3001 from Maurice FitzGerald (Cahirciveen), Dr. Goldsmith (Muxworthy), Marco Salem (Bologna), F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), J. F. Moon, Frederick W. Ensor (Cardiff), C. Emers on Carter (Peebles), Hereward, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

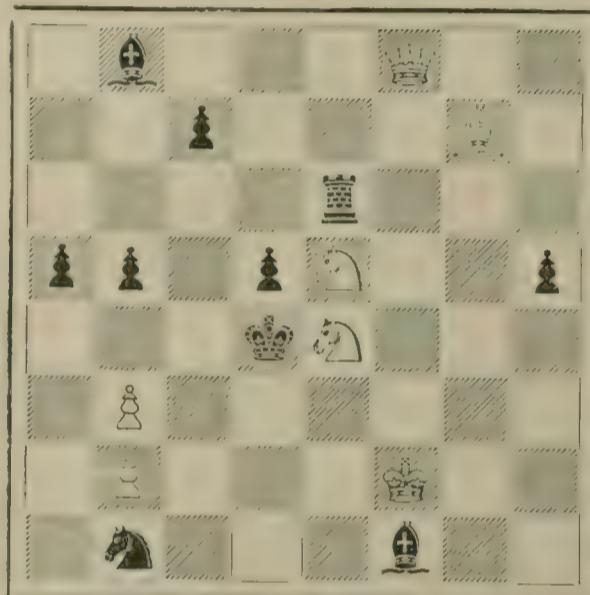
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3002 received from T. Roberts, Frank Clarke (Birmingham), Edith Corser (Reigate), J. Muxworthy, A. C. von Ernsthausen (Oxford), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), J. F. Moon, J. Bryden (Wimbledon), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Martin F. G. Stillngfleet Johnson (Cobham), J. Paul Taylor, Shadforth, E. J. Winter Wood, Charles Burnett, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), T. W. Robinson (Grimsby), Albert Wolff (Putney), H. Le Jeune, F. J. S. (Hampstead), H. S. Brandreth (San Remo), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), and R. Worts (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3001.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
 1. R to Kt 3rd Any move.
 2. Mates.

PROBLEM NO. 3004.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Dr. S. T. King and J. H. LONGACRE.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Dr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Dr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K. 4th	P to K. 4th	28. Kt to K. 3rd	
2. Kt to K. B. 3rd	Kt to Q. B. 3rd	Hoping to shut in the Rook and win it by K to Kt 2nd. But this is an error. It looks as if R to K. 5th would have been to some advantage instead.	
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B. 3rd	28. Kt to Kt 2nd	Kt to K. 5th
4. Castles	Kt takes P	29. K. to Kt 2nd	R to B. 7th (ch)
5. P to Q. 4th	Kt to Q. 3rd	30. K. to Kt 2nd	R to R. 7th
6. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B	31. Kt to B. 4th	Kt to Q. 7th
7. P takes Kt	Kt to Kt 2nd	32. Kt takes Kt	R takes Kt
8. B to Kt 5th	B to K. 2nd	33. R to Q. B. 5q	R to Q. 4th
9. B takes B	Q takes B	34. K. to B. 2nd	K to Q. 2nd
10. Kt to Q. 4th	Castles	35. K. to K. 3rd	K to O. 3rd
11. P to K. B. 4th	Kt to Q. sq	36. R to B. 3rd	R to Q. 5th
12. Kt to B. 5th		37. P to R. 4th	P to K. R. 4th
		38. K. to B. 3rd	P to B. 4th
		39. K. to K. 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
		40. R to B. 4th	K to Q. 4th
		41. R to B. 3rd	
12. Q to Q. 4th	Q to B. 4th (ch)		
13. Kt takes Q	P to Q. 3rd		
14. P takes P	P takes P		
15. R to K. sq	R to K. sq		
16. P to Q. Kt 3rd	P to Q. B. 4th		
17. Kt to K. B. 3rd	B to B. 3th		
18. P to B. 3rd	Kt to K. 3rd		
19. P to K. B. 3rd	Kt to K. 3rd		
20. P to K. B. 3rd	K. R to K. sq		
21. Q. Kt to Q. 2nd	K. R to K. 2nd		
22. Kt to B. 4th	Kt to Kt 4th		
23. R takes R. (ch)	R takes R.		
24. P to Q. R. 4th	Kt takes P		
25. Kt takes P	R to K. 6th		
26. Kt takes B	R takes Kt		
27. R to K. sq	K to B. sq		

The ending appears to be a win for Black. If here 41. R takes R, P takes R. (ch); 42. K to Q. 3rd, K to B. 4th, and White cannot maintain the opposition. The ending is well played by Black.

41. P to R. 3rd	P to R. 3rd
42. R to Q. 3rd	P to R. 4th
43. R to B. 3rd	P to B. 5th
44. K to B. 3rd	K to B. 4th
45. P takes P	R takes P
46. R to K. 3rd	R takes R. P
47. R to K. 6th	R to R. 6th (ch)
48. K to K. 2nd	P to R. 5th
49. R takes P	R to Kt 6th
50. R to Kt 6th	P to R. 6th
51. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt 5th
52. R to B. 8th	P to R. 7th
53. R to Q. R. 8th	R to Q. R. 6th

Black wins.

A chess club has been started at the Borough Polytechnic, Borough Road, S.E., open to all members of the Polytechnic of either sex. It meets on Wednesday evenings, and has arranged a programme of prize competitions and contests with neighbouring clubs.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
 Six months, 14s.
 Three months, 7s.

ABROAD.

THICK EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 16s. 4d.
 Six months, 17s. 4d.
 Three months, 8s. 8d.

THIN EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 12s. od.
 Six months, 15s. 2d.
 Three months, 7s. 7d.

Newspapers for foreign parts may be posted at any time, irrespective of the time of day.

Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin-paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Orders payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, London.

THE FRENCH FLEET AT MITYLENE.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ISLAND.

For once in his long and distinguished career, the great diplomat of Yildiz Kiosk has found himself unable to paralyse a Power with a grievance, and at the time of writing Admiral Caillard's squadron is in possession of the Custom House at Mitylene, a rather insignificant place so far as its capacity for satisfying the French claims can go, but significant in many other respects that will not be overlooked in Paris or Constantinople. Now that active pressure has been put upon the Sublime Porte, even the satisfaction of French claims will not make an end to the new situation that has arisen, and it will be found that grave questions connected with the Near East are brought measurably nearer their crisis by the fresh departure in politics.

The action of the French Mediterranean Squadron raises our interest in the classic ground it has covered, for Mitylene is the port of the Island of Lesbos, where Alceus was born and "burning Sappho loved and sang." Not very long ago, in the late summer, when the vintage was progressing and the corn harvest had been gathered in, I came to Mitylene from Smyrna in a coasting-steamer that traded with many of the Aegean Islands, dropping anchor in tiny harbours and waiting for freight and business, which never failed to come in their own good time.

We dropped anchor in the bay, that affords good anchorage to the many little craft that visit Mitylene; and the first impression of the district was a very pleasant one. On close acquaintance, Mitylene reveals itself as a town that lacks the excessive cleanliness of Vathy in Samos, though it does not achieve the dirtiness of Smyrna. Viewed from the sea, the panorama is delightful. The hills slope down to the town, their summits covered with thick woods. On the hill-sides there are little villages that seem to be pure white against the surrounding greenery; and the villas standing in their own grounds suggest the very refinement of luxury and restfulness. The town itself is not interesting: it has row upon row of white houses with red roofs, and sometimes green shutters; and just above the town an old fortress scowls upon the bay. It is in Turkish occupation, and with modern guns and equipments would have rendered the French Admiral's visit anything but a picnic. It is safe to say, though I never went into the place, that any guns there are will be rusty muzzle-loaders, that there will be no modern weapons, no stores of ammunition or food, and no discipline of any sort.

Beyond the town, and in the villages to which I have referred, industry is entirely agricultural. Blessed with the former rain and the latter rain, the Lesbians gather in their corn, their wine, and their oil, and lead a life that seems free from any form of exciting recreations. I inquired about games, there were no sports; and yet it is only fair to say that the islanders looked healthy and athletic, and that the women and children who dwelt inland were of uncommon beauty, more attractive than the Smyrnites of whom I had heard so much.

Outside the town, on the mountain-slopes, a Greek dialect seemed to be the common tongue; but the streets of Mitylene recalled Cyprus, Smyrna, Samos, and the other islands of my idle pilgrimage. Turkish, Arabic, Spanish, Italian, French, and German shared the favour of the people quite as much as Greek, and the place had the curiously unsettled aspect of a town where the bulk of the population is constantly shifting, though the noise and bustle one had found in Smyrna were absent from Mitylene.

It happened that the merchant of the town with whom our skipper hoped to trade—a handsome, black-bearded, prosperous Levantine—was in no hurry to send his goods through the Dardanelles. He would sit in front of his store and bargain persuasively in several languages. The skipper—a sunburnt, earringed child of the Archipelago—would lose his temper and express himself accordingly. I passed the pair several times, and knew from the first that the man of Lesbos was bound to win. He got his terms accepted in three days, and then the picturesque crew that had lain at full length on deck singing songs, smoking endless cigarettes, playing cards and dice, eating freshly caught fish and drinking the wine of the country, returned grumbling to their labours, and we moved off towards the Golden Horn, from which Mitylene is but a few hours distant when wind and weather serve the ship.

My impression of the Island of Lesbos was a very favourable one. The place is not nearly so far removed from its early history as our arrival at the twentieth century would suggest. Although the Turks are in possession, they do not seem to have troubled the people of the place, natives or visitors, and seemed to live on the best of terms with all men. The place was not as prosperous in its appearance as Samos, which enjoys autonomy, and has no duties to Constantinople other than a small tribute that the island can well afford; but I saw few signs of distress, and the temperament of the people seemed to be very cheerful. The air was bracing; the views, whether one looked to Asia on the east or southward to the sea, were of the extraordinary beauty that is associated with the islands of the Aegean; but the tobacco was not as good as the Samian product, and the wine was distinctly unpleasant, or so it seemed to me. I found the people simple and courteous, ready to respond to any request, and in Mitylene itself, so well equipped with languages that one was never at a loss for anything within the rather limited range of the accommodation.

If Admiral Caillard and his gallant men stay long in the neighbourhood of Mitylene they will have a pleasant time, so long as no further complications arise with Constantinople; and before Lesbos can fight for the Padishah it must be reinforced. Turkey has a sufficiency of transports and some of the finest soldiers in the world, but transports are of little use without a protecting fleet, and when I saw the Sultan's fleet last, it was not fit to act in combination against a well-handled fishing-smack armed with a punt-gun. In short, France was mistress of the situation—as was proved by Abdul Hamid's speedy concession of the points in dispute.

B.

THE CREATION OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, PRINCE OF WALES, NOVEMBER 9.



KING EDWARD II.,

THIRD SON OF EDWARD I., FORMALLY CREATED FIRST PRINCE OF WALES
FEBRUARY 7, 1301.

newly born son, afterwards Edward II. The formal creation of Edward of Carnarvon as Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester was, however, delayed until Feb. 7, 1301, when it was ratified at the Lincoln Parliament. The creation was made during the lifetime of Prince Alfonso, Edward's elder brother, whose early death left the succession open to Edward. Edward III. was never created Prince of Wales, but held the earldom of Chester from his ninth year. It was the intention of Edward I. that the title should become hereditary, but on the accession of Edward II. it became merged in the Crown, and ever since its bestowal has been by special grant of the Sovereign.

There have been in all nineteen Princes of Wales, including the last created of the line. Not in every case have they been eldest sons of the Sovereign, although that was the fact with Edward the Black Prince, son of Edward III.; Henry of Monmouth, son of Henry IV., afterwards Henry V.; Edward of Westminster, son of Henry VI., murdered in the Tower; Edward of Westminster, son of Edward IV., afterwards Edward V.; Edward of Salisbury, son of Richard III.; Arthur Tudor, son of Henry VII.; Edward Tudor, son of Henry VIII., afterwards Edward VI.; Henry, son of James I.; George, son of George I., afterwards George II.; Frederick, son of George II.; George, son of George III., afterwards George IV.; and Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, now Edward VII. In two cases the holder of the title has been the grandson of the Sovereign—namely, Richard of Bordeaux, only surviving son of the Black Prince, afterwards Richard II.; and George, son of Frederick Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. Younger sons have been created Princes of Wales, as in the case of Richard II., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Charles I., Charles II., and the present holder of the title. In two cases, those of Edward VI. and of Charles II. the title, although informally bestowed, was never really ratified. The first holder of the title is often called the



KING RICHARD II.,

SECOND SON OF THE BLACK PRINCE, CREATED PRINCE OF WALES 1376.

His Majesty the King fitly signalled his birthday, Nov. 9, by conferring on his second surviving son, the Duke of Cornwall and York, the title of Prince of Wales. Just sixty-nine years less twenty-nine days earlier, his Majesty received the recognised title of the eldest son of British monarchs. The title is undeniably dear to the British people, and the congratulations of the nation follow the Duke of Cornwall on his assumption of the style to which his illustrious father has lent a unique distinction. The relentless hand of modern historical criticism would sweep away the charming story of how Edward I., in 1284, quelled the turbulent Welshmen by presenting to them a Prince free from any blemish on his honour and unable to speak a word of English in the person of his



KING HENRY VIII.,

SECOND SON OF HENRY VII., CREATED PRINCE OF WALES 1503.



KING CHARLES I.,

SECOND SON OF JAMES I., CREATED PRINCE OF WALES 1616.

in a manner so long ago as in 1879, when, at Barbadoes, Prince George—as he then was—and his elder brother were enthusiastically received; and at Bermuda they laid the foundation-stone of a sailors' home. A visit to Palestine completed that voyage in the *Bacchante*. His first command was that of a torpedo-boat; and in 1890 he commissioned the first-class gun-boat *Thrush*, and in her spent a year in the North American Station, visiting Canada and Jamaica. On board the *Melampus* and the *Crescent*, he took part in naval manoeuvres and visited many seaports in England and Ireland. His creations as Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Killarney date from 1892, a year before his marriage with Princess May of Teck.



KING CHARLES II.,

SECOND SON OF CHARLES I., NEVER FORMALLY CREATED, BUT STYLED
PRINCE OF WALES IN A WARRANT OF 1641.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES;

SECOND SON OF KING EDWARD VII.,
CREATED NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Snares of the World. By Hamilton Aidé. (London: John Murray, 6s.)
The Sinner and the Problem. By Eric Parker. (London: Macmillan, 6s.)
Mexico as I Saw It. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (London: Hurst and Blackett, 3s.)
The Last Days of the French Monarchy. By Sophia H. MacLehose. (Glasgow: James MacLehose, 6s.)
The Triumph of Hilary Blachland. By Bertram Mitford. (London: Chatto and Windus, 6s.)
Blue Bonnets Up. By Thomas Pinkerton. (London: John Long, 6s.)
Who Killed Amy Robsart? By Philip Sidney. (London: Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Hamilton Aidé's new novel, "The Snares of the World," gives one the impression of being a *roman à clef*. One at least of its characters, Lady Bramleigh, might be in the social world of the day. Mr. Aidé seems to have an adequate knowledge of so-called "smart society," and the picture he draws of it is sufficiently convincing. It is by no means a pleasing picture in some respects, but that is the fault of the material. Many of his characters lead lives that are either wicked or inane. Not that the book need offend any reader by its tone; on the contrary, Mr. Aidé takes very good care that vice is punished and virtue rewarded in the approved manner of the copy-books. Captain Mansfield and Moyra O'Connell, the hero and heroine, are a very honest and admirable pair, and gain not only interest, but affection also, from the reader. Mr. Aidé's style is never heavy; indeed, he runs at times to the opposite extreme, and writes with a jerky, slap-dash *insouciance*. Perhaps the best portion of the book is the description of Count Falkenstein's estate in Hungary. The account of the gypsies in these chapters has already appeared in the *British Review*, where it attracted some attention. Mr. Aidé brings very vividly before us the semi-Oriental and barbaric life of a Hungarian Schloss, and of the gipsy-peopled forests that surround it.

"The Sinner and the Problem" annoys one at first by the affectation of its style. So far as mere language goes, you seem to be reading a historical romance, and then you suddenly discover that these antique airs and graces are merely employed to deck the narrative of a modern youth who has gone down to stay with a friend who keeps a boarding-school! Gadzooks! as the author might say, here's a discrepancy! Mr. Parker should keep his pretensions till he writes a novel of the Stuarts. As to his present book, it is scarcely a novel at all. Still, it is a pleasant enough book in its way, in spite of the slightness of its scheme. It is not concerned with either problems or sinners, as the unfortunate title might suggest; the Sinner and the Problem are a couple of amusing schoolboys, with whom the painter from London strikes up an acquaintance. Their antics are brightly described, though of no great significance. One of the boys has a beautiful girl cousin, who is referred to throughout the book as the Lady of the Lake; and with her, of course, the painter falls in love. Plot there is none; the painter meets with a slight rebuff; but when we leave him at the end of the book we see that he has every chance of winning his heiress, after all. Two of the assistant-masters at the school are introduced into the book, though what function they discharge in it we are quite unable to discover. Mr. Eric Parker is evidently a man of some ability, but his ability is wasted on a trifle such as this. The book is pleasant in a casual sort of way, but has absolutely no significance.

Mexico as Mrs. Tweedie saw it presented more than ordinary attractions. She was singularly fortunate in the auspices under which she performed part of her journey: thanks to President Diaz, to whom she obtained an introduction through the instrumentality of Sir W. Pearson, she was accorded facilities seldom enjoyed by a writer of books of travel, being entertained as a guest of the State while visiting one of the most interesting provinces of an interesting country. These exceptional opportunities fell to one who can make use of them, and Mrs. Tweedie appears to have seen pretty nearly everything worth seeing on a tolerably extensive line of route. Her energy is boundless, her appetite for knowledge is insatiable, and her tastes are catholic. She studied history and statistics while exploring the country; witnessed reviews, bull-fights, cock-fights, theatrical performances, and ceremonies of all kinds; and inquired into the chief industries as represented by cattle-ranches and sugar-factories. She faced banquets given in her honour and the ordeal of dinner in a low-class restaurant with equal heroism; and she collected Aztec curios and odds and ends of information concerning social usages and superstitions with equal zest. President Diaz's introduction procured her reception by the upper classes of Mexican society; and she was, as a matter of course, welcomed with the graceful hospitality of Spanish descent so well known how to display to properly accredited strangers. Mrs. Tweedie succeeds in conveying a very clear idea of Mexican home life as far as she saw it, and has collected a truly wonderful quantity of details on all kinds of topics relating to Mexico and the

Mexicans. Her book is decidedly readable, but, it must be said, has imperfections: it would have gained by judicious compression, for the style is diffuse, there is much reiteration, and the author's judgment errs on occasion concerning that which will interest the reader;



AN AZTEC INDIAN.

Reproduced from "Mexico as I Saw It," by permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

a minor defect is her too generous employment of the point of exclamation. The interest exhibited by local journals in her movements was no doubt gratifying; but, the extracts reproduced are likely to recall the famous remark of Mr. Vincent Crummles.

"The Last Days of the French Monarchy," a carefully prepared volume, ought to be very valuable to those who, either through lack of time or inclination, have sat down to Carlyle's "French Revolution" without sufficiently previous study; and the number of these, we should say, is legion. Miss MacLehose asserts that not

The little the average student is likely to read at all will to a certain extent disgust him, specially if he happen to be either an Englishman or a Scotchman; and Carlyle, who was supposed to attract him into the path, has done the very reverse, by standing like a forbidding angel with uplifted puritanical sword, warning him away from what, nine times out of ten, he was unable to grasp in virtue of his deficiently social education. No one was less fit than Carlyle to explain, with any kind of leniency, the customs and manners of the *ancien régime*, against which his every fibre revolted. Miss MacLehose is more modern, less prejudiced, and more impartial, and she has produced a work thoroughly balanced, and absolutely responding to the very unambitious aim she set herself—"neither to censure nor to praise, but simply to understand," as Spinoza had it, and to make others understand.

"The Triumph of Hilary Blachland" is a very fair specimen of the average novel of adventure. Mr. Bertram Mitford seems to know his South Africa well. The period he has chosen for his novel is about the time when Sir John Willoughby went north into Matabililand and "smashed" Lobengula. It was while acting as a scout on that expedition that Hilary Blachland won his triumph. It was not a mere vulgar success, but a triumph over the baser elements in his own nature. He rode back to what appeared certain death, and rescued a man who had wronged him deeply about the time when the story opens. At that time Hilary, in spite of the author's efforts to whitewash his character, was not one whit better than Justin Spence, the man who wronged him. But he had met Lyn Bayfield in the meantime, and the memory of her goodness and purity came back to him in the crisis of his life, and helped him to achieve his "triumph." Apart from the merit of its local descriptions, the story runs on very conventional lines. The adventures we have read about a thousand times before; the characters are the commonplace lay figures of every romancer. Still, if this kind of story must be written, it may as well be written by Mr. Bertram Mitford as another.

"Blue Bonnets Up" for Prince Charlie is a tale of the Western Highlands. According to Hamish Chisholm, "the laddie frae Mull" and heir to Dromena, "fear-some" things are to be met with in those parts, at least in Mull. But Hamish, as he unfolded his mysteries to Ranald Keire—who had been given, not without diverse questioning, from his father's boat to the ministry—and Lilius Lindsay, a shipwreck foundling, little thought of a dark enough chapter that lay before them. The life of these three children is at first so sunny and quaint in the deserted toll-house with Ennis, the old schoolmaster, that we are sorry when Miss Camilla Chisholm, Hamish's aunt, suddenly appears from Edinburgh with her Jacobite enthusiasm and her French lessons. Ennis is a Jacobite because it was romantic to say "over the water." His pupils naturally preferred the Prince in black velvet to the gentleman in snuff-colour. But Hamish, who had heard of "Moeybites and Tishibites," was never quite won for the cause even by "bonnie Lil." Prince Charles lands at last, and all loyal Jacobite-hearts are in a ferment. Count Malzberg, the chief mover of the Stuart conspiracy, sees his chance. He alone knows that Lilius is an heiress, and he weds her to his stepson Dionville, as the appropriate union of Scotland and France, that he may secure the fortune he had once sought with the girl's mother. But Hamish discovers that the way to this has been along that "Appian Way," as Malzberg's wife has so fitly designated her husband's career, and before the Prince the Count is called to answer for his crimes. The administration of the law lies in the hand of a usurper, but a dozen Highland dirks end the real intrigue of this story. Although some of the incidents are almost gruesome, and Count Malzberg is, if anything, diabolical, the book is lightened by a plentiful humour. It has the ring of its title too, and ruggedness at least is no fault, for the rough, unsettled Highlands of that period could scarcely produce a smooth romance.

Mr. Philip Sidney (a name of good omen in Elizabethan history) has written a monograph of great erudition on the subject of Amy Robsart's death. He sums up the evidence for and against her husband, the Earl of Leicester, with an admirable impartiality, and leaves the question of his guilt exactly where he found it. The verdict is still "not proven—but the conduct of the accused was very suspicious." Mr. Sidney is concerned, also, to point out the historical blunders committed by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of "Kenilworth." It seems that Shakspere was only eleven at the time of the Kenilworth festivities, at which he is supposed to have been present as a celebrated author. Probably Sir Walter knew the fact quite as well as Mr. Sidney; only, being a genius, he twisted the facts to suit his purpose. Shakspere himself used to do the same. Mr. Sidney ought to read his poets and novelists with a more generous mind. They do not profess to be antiquaries.



THE CORONATION OATH OF LOUIS XVI.

Reproduced from "The Last Days of the French Monarchy," by permission of Messrs. MacLehose.

only did Carlyle take much for granted on the part of his reader, but that all the other English writers committed the same error. The political history of France between the birth of Louis XIV. and the death of his successor in the fifth degree, Louis XVI., is the hardest reading possible; the social history is probably the most fascinating of all studies on record; but frightened by a peep at the former, the majority—the downright earnest student of course excepted—have abandoned the latter.

THE FRENCH NAVAL DEMONSTRATION AT MITYLENE: SCENES IN THE ISLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY M. L. DE LAUNAY.



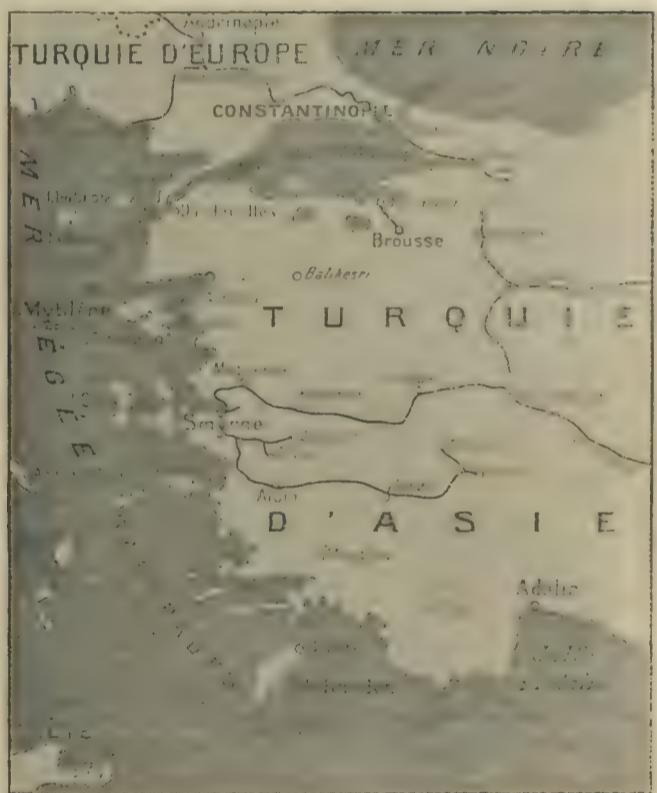
ADMIRAL CAILLARD,
COMMANDING THE FRENCH SQUADRON OFF MITYLENE.



THE CITADEL OF MITYLENE.



THE TURKISH COLLEGE.



THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF MITYLENE.



MOUNT OLYMPUS AND THE MEGALI LIMNI.



MITYLENE FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE TOWN.

THE FRANCO-TURKISH INCIDENT.

The quarrel between France and Turkey about the treatment of French subjects by the Government of the Porte in Mitylene reached a crisis when a French squadron, under Admiral Caillard, reached Mitylene on Nov. 5, and occupied three of the principal ports. M. Bapst then informed the Turkish Foreign Minister in Paris that in consequence of the Porte's tardiness in settling the demands originally made, an increase had been made in their number as well as in the insistence with which they were to be pressed. These new items were the legal recognition of French scholastic, charitable, and religious institutions, the restoration of buildings damaged in 1894



THE FRANCO-TURKISH INCIDENT: THE PORT OF CONSTANTINOPLE, SHOWING THE FRENCH QUAYS.
The quays, about which the recent dispute arose, extend from the left foreground to the right background. The gun-boats of the Powers lie beyond the Galata Bridge in the middle distance

and 1896, and the recognition of the Chaldean Patriarch. The next news was that the Turkish Government, with a few unimportant reservations, accepted these terms. M. Delcassé at once expressed his satisfaction, and announced — to the relief of any perturbed feelings on the part of other Great Powers, that the fleet would quit Mitylene as soon as the agreement should be ratified by the Sultan. Paris and all France was greatly gratified not only by the pacific ending of the difference, but by the business-like and effective carrying out of the expedition, as well as by Admiral Caillard's readiness in landing sixty men and in reopening the telegraphic communication which had been interrupted by the Porte.



MAY.



FRONTISPICE TO THE KATE GREENAWAY ALMANACK OF 1886.



DECEMBER.



NEW YEAR.



KATE GREENAWAY.



SUMMER.

THE LATE KATE GREENAWAY AND EXAMPLES OF HER WORK.

THE DESIGNS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.



It Floats

and is always at hand.

It is Dainty

to sight and touch.

It is Fragrant

and delightful to the senses.

Above all

it is Perfectly Pure.

THE FAVOURITE SOAP FOR THE TOILET

IS

SWAN WHITE FLOATING SOAP

Because it Floats and is within easy reach.

It is sought after by Ladies.

A PURER SOAP IS BEYOND THE ART OF SOAPMAKING.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

Ladies Like it

because of its purity and delicacy.

Children Like it

because it floats and is always in sight.

Men Like it

for shaving purposes.

Everybody Likes it

because it does all that it promises.

LADIES' PAGES.

Amongst the most important qualifications for royalty is to know how to choose advisers and subordinates, and how to be loyal to them when chosen. Women rulers have always been distinguished in this direction; and it is perhaps a main reason why there has been so large a proportion of distinguished female sovereigns. Their quick tact has helped them to judge rightly whom to confide in, and they have been femininely faithful when they have once chosen. Li-Hung-Chang's death recalls the strange history of that extraordinary woman the Dowager Empress of China, who has held power for so many years through all sorts of changes, and whose authority has even survived, it appears, recent events so deplorable for China. Hers would be a remarkable record anywhere; but in China, where religion and custom alike depress women so far below the other sex, it is extraordinary indeed. The Dowager Empress has figured in the European newspapers of late years as a sort of wicked fairy, opposed to every advance for her country and indifferent to anything outside her own personal interests. But common-sense indicates that for this old woman, born in a humble station, and therefore without powerful relatives, and lacking all hereditary claim to the throne, to have held both place and power through so many years, must indicate rare ability on her part for the work of government. Li-Hung-Chang's death reminds the world that it was the Dowager-Empress who really made the first step towards introducing foreign civilisation in the shape of railways into her conservative country. Li-Hung-Chang was responsible for building the first railway-line, and it was so strongly opposed that it must have ruined him but for the unfailing and courageous protection of the Empress. Throughout their mutual life the statesman and the Empress worked together, as did our own Elizabeth with her trusted Cecil, Lord Burleigh. At her first Council, when she succeeded, in her twenty-sixth year, Elizabeth publicly presented the seal of the office of her chief adviser to Cecil, and charged him always to give her such advice as he believed best, and not such as he thought would please her wishes most. He fulfilled this behest, and she never wavered in her support and confidence till the day when he passed away, and she kept her room grieving and weeping for a week—as the Dowager-Empress of China may now be doing for Li-Hung-Chang.

When the Chinese statesman was in England a lady journalist of my acquaintance was sent to "interview" him. She was half chagrined and half delighted by the ingenuity with which Li turned the tables; he told her almost nothing, but he interviewed her to good purpose. The rudest of questions to a lady here—"How old are you?"—is, it appears, considered an indispensable politeness in China, and this query was promptly put to the young lady. When she had replied that she was



AN EMPIRE TEA-GOWN IN VELVET AND LACE.

somewhere in her "twenties," Li inquired if she had parents living? Did they approve of her going about alone to call on men? Why was she not married? What would become of her when she got old without any children to take care of her? How much did she earn a year? What would she be paid for that interview? And many other home questions not a little embarrassing. But as to obtaining any information from him about his Empress, which was the object of the visitor, that proved impossible. "My sovereign is the greatest of women," the old man said reverently. He further volunteered the remark that the Empress had had the young Emperor taught to read and speak the English language. That was about the only piece of news given to the poor interviewer.

There was at one time a man, Mr. Thoms I believe by name, who maintained that no human being ever passed the age of one hundred years; and in several cases amongst the lower classes he did prove that reputed centenarians had, unconsciously or intentionally, exaggerated their years. But there can be no doubt that the age of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Hanbury when she died was 108 years 144 days. Another centenarian death was announced in the *Times* at the end of October—that of Mrs. Howell Jones, widow of the Vicar of Egerton: her age is given as one hundred and five. Women far more frequently than men attain centenarian honours. In fact, every insurance company's table of prices for the purchase of annuities bears witness to the well-recognised greater longevity of women. Men are rather vain, you know (of course, in a ladies' page, which naturally they do not read, one may whisper such a thing!); and that shows itself most unreasonably in the theory that they have set up that a man of a given age is a younger person than a woman of the same age. Obviously, the reverse must be the truth, since women on the average live longer than men, and must therefore be at any given age the younger. But here I have actually just read, in a new book on Cowper, that the poet regarded Mrs. Unwin, with whom he lived in the closest intimacy, but whom he did not marry, "as a venerable parent"—and this venerable personage was only seven years his senior! What would a man seven years older than one of us say if we told him that this degree of seniority made us regard him in the light of "a venerable parent"?

Amongst the most popular lady orators of the day are several of the Bishops' wives. On the same day recently Mrs. Temple, the Archbishop's wife, gave an address at Tunbridge Wells; and Lady Laura Riddings, wife of the Bishop of Southwell, spoke at Brighton. The subject of the first-named lady was temperance, while the latter urged the claims of the Brighton Ladies' Association for the care of friendless girls. Lady Laura Riddings is a daughter of the late

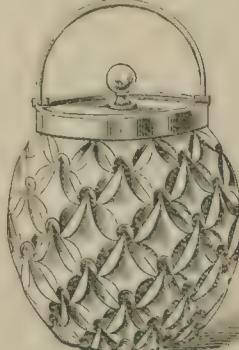
THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.



New Design, Regd. Solid Silver Chased and Pierced Heart Cabinet Frame, £1 1s.



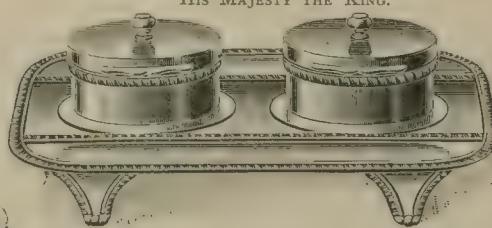
New Design, Fine Cut Crystal Biscuit Box, with Silver Handle and Cover, £3 10s.

AWARDED
THE
GRAND
PRIX,
PARIS, 1900



GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

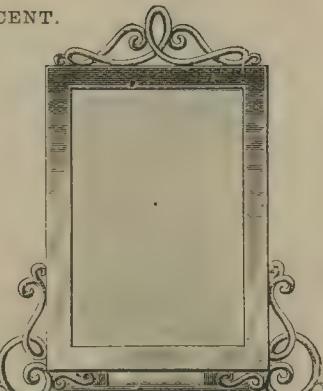
AWARDED
THE
GRAND
PRIX,
PARIS, 1900



Solid Silver Antique Inkstand, with Gadroon Mounts, and Two Carved Bottles, £8 15s. One Bottle, £6 10s.

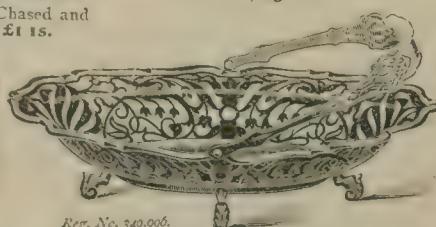


Fine Crystal Scent Bottle, with Chased Silver Top, £1.



Solid Silver Cabinet Photograph Frame, with Wirework Ornaments, £1 7s. 6d.

NEW ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

Reg. No. 349,996.
Solid Silver Richly Pierced Cake Basket, £7 10s.

INSPECTION
INVITED.



Solid Silver Elegantly Saw-Pierced Combination Frame, £21.



New Automatic Silver Mounted Preserve Jar, £1 15s. Smaller Size, £1 6s.

A COMPARISON OF PRICES AND
QUALITY INVITED



New Design Pot-Pourri Box, with Pierced Top, Finished in the New Art Style, £2 2s.

MODERATE
PRICES.



Solid Silver Coffee Pot, Antique Design, copied from Original in South Kensington Museum, £6 15s.

FINE CUT CRYSTAL LIQUEUR SET, IN SOLID SILVER FRAME, £6.



GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, LTD., 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

KOKO IS A HAIR FOOD.

It cleanses and refreshes the scalp and feeds the hair follicles.

It strengthens thin or weak hair, and produces thick, luxuriant, glossy, brilliant tresses.

It makes harsh, brittle, dry, dull, or faded hair lustrous and silky.

It contains no grease or dye.

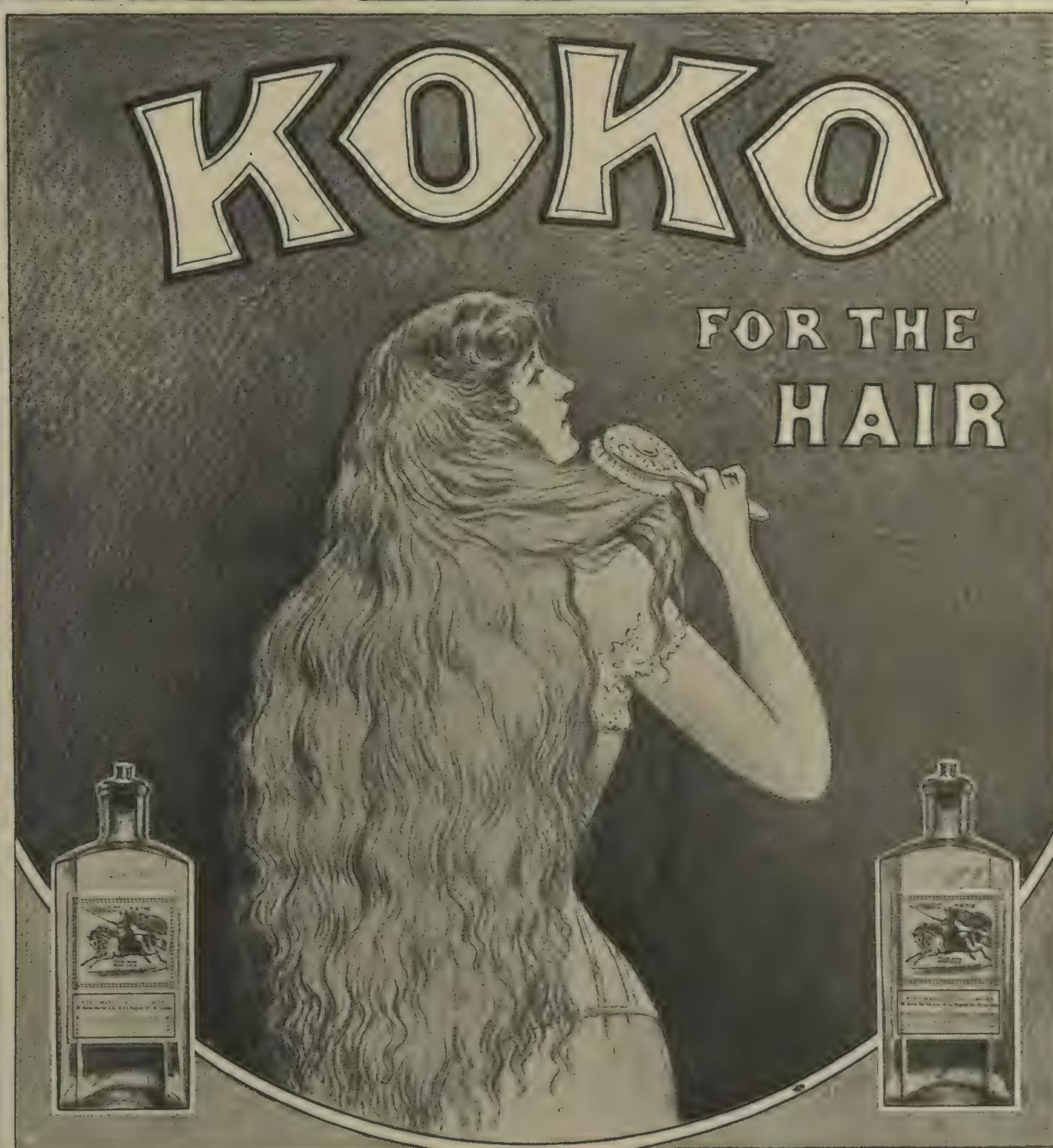
It arrests falling hair and prevents baldness, positively eradicates dandriff, and by its invigorating and stimulating action induces renewed growth.

It will not soil even the finest lace.

Acting as both a **HAIR FOOD** and a stimulant, it prevents the advance of greyness, and greatly assists in developing a luxuriant growth.

That "KOKO" is stimulating to the brain can be easily proved. After sprinkling freely with "KOKO" and brushing the head well, look in the glass and observe the intense brilliancy of your eyes.

1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., of all Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores, &c., everywhere.



Supplied

by

Special Royal

EMPRESS



OF

Commands

to

H.I.M. The

RUSSIA.

Lord Selborne, who was considered in his day one of the finest orators at the Bar, and Lady Laura inherits her father's beautiful voice and impressive manner. Another excellent speaker amongst the Bishops' wives is the Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttelton, wife of the Bishop of Southampton.

Messrs. Peter Robinson's vast establishment at Oxford Circus is known to contain "everything for ladies' wear," and much also for the rest of the family and the household; children particularly are well provided for, some of the prettiest little frocks and coats imaginable being procurable in the appropriate departments. The mantle department, containing outdoor garments suitable for all ages and all occasions, is quite a favourite of mine; the models of the highest grades are so well bought that it is always a pleasure to inspect them and choose from among them. There is infinite variety this year. The short bolero ending under the waist-belt is equally in fashion with the three-quarter length, while for carriage and evening wear the coat to cover the entire gown is to be seen in perfection of design and material. The most magnificent garments that I saw at "Peter's" were naturally of the latter variety. A delightful evening or carriage wrap is produced in the new Louise chené brocade. There is a delicate design of baskets full of flowers woven on the biscuit-coloured ground; it looks at first like hand-painting; one of these baskets comes with particularly good effect on each of the huge bishop-sleeves. A band of biscuit-toned panne sweeps round the foot of the garment, a line of sable dividing the two fabrics, and there is a glorious great collar of sable edged with lace. There is another ideal garment all grey satin and velvet-spotted net, and sequin embroideries, with a deep collar of sable and a chiffon tie, that is altogether worthy of a Duchess.

More ordinary uses are met with equal taste and judgment in the mantle department of the great Oxford Street house. There is a capital "Louis" coat, with the correct deep basque bearing big pockets and the turn-back cuffs, in black velvet strapped with silk, having blue cloth collar and under-cuffs, softened with lace; or the same design is shown in figured velvet. This is a most picturesque style for a young married woman, and, accompanied with a Marquise hat, would be most smart. Another taking garment is a sac coat in the finest of black face-cloth, provided with a triple highwayman collar, and a yoke of blue panne strapped with black, and a dainty collar of white and gold. A bolero of black velvet made in the Russian blouse style with deep collars and cuffs of chinchilla, and capable of being worn open or closed, is obviously a more ordinary design, but very smart and pretty. There are many more simple garments, for Messrs. Peter Robinson, unlike most of the big West-End shops, make a point of providing for buyers whose means are



A TEA-GOWN OF VELVET AND CHIFFON.

modest, as well as for the wealthiest of possible purchasers; and so the mother of many girls can find a good choice of simple cloth coats for them, and velvet mantles or jackets for her own wear at very moderate prices. For instance, there is a three-quarter cape of silk appliquéd heavily with cloth decoupage, and trimmed with a deep flounce of caracul, to be had for less than four pounds. In the department of dress-materials one is sure of finding the very latest *mot* of Dame Fashion. The Zibelines are first favourites; the camel's hair that they contain makes them drape so softly and gracefully. Some, known as "Zibeline suèdes," are almost smooth, though on close inspection the hairy surface can be discerned; but the rough, long-haired variety, the hairs differing often in colour from the ground, is much in vogue. These delightful cloths Messrs. Peter Robinson have in every colour. Brown is the fashionable colour of the year, but there are some good blues and reds, white hairs on some of them. Tweeds in many mixtures were shown me, and for country wear the plain herringbone striped tweeds in black and white, black and purple, and green and white are not easily surpassed. As there are practically a hundred different shops under one roof at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Circus, it is really one of the sights of London.

Dainty "et ceteras" have much to do with a smart appearance, and never was ingenuity more cleverly exercised than at present in designing such little finishing touches as stock ties, fichus, belts, and collarettes. The latest in belts has little tails behind, postilion-shaped, and designed to give that fashionable finish to a blouse that really ends at the waist. Here is a sample of one: the belt proper and the postilion tails are of black glacé, tucked and hem-stitched with white. Bands of narrow black velvet pass from edge to edge of the belt all round, and through these straps (which are loose except at the edges) scarlet ribbon-velvet is run, long loops of which then fall down the back over the black glacé tails. Point-d'esprit net, that pretty spotted fabric that is light and yet uncrushable, is responsible for the construction of many a pretty confection. It makes a collar, edged with a full frill of the same, and continued into stole ends; or a jabot trimmed with narrow lace; or a zouave jacket to slip on over a coloured blouse and render it more dainty. Ribbon stocks made to fasten in a knot in front like a man's cravat are very popular.

Stately garments are the tea-gowns illustrated. An Empire effect is obtained in the one that has an overdress of lace banded with fur placed upon velvet. Folds of silk fastened with a silver buckle hold the lace at the bust and the waistline. The other, fitting the figure more closely, is likewise in velvet. The front is of soft chiffon, with lace down each side, and a narrow trimming of mink or sable. The pretty sleeves are of chiffon draped with lace; and to give added brightness there is a jewelled band at the waist and on the shoulders. FILOMENA.



BRITANNIA WELCOMES THE GREAT NEW COCOA—MAZAWATTEE.

Britannia seems to have given a very enthusiastic welcome to the New Cocoa, for already everybody is singing its praises. In the splendid poster of which we give a reproduction above, Mr. Maynard Brown, the Artist, has given the people of our great cities a lesson in Art that they will long remember. The manner in which the whole enterprise—Mazawattee Cocoa and Mazawattee Art—has "caught on" is highly gratifying to all concerned. Britannia's Ruling of the Waves in this instance is clearly indicative of a Ruling Success.

THE HONEY OF WISDOM.

We Gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—Milton.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—

LORD LYTTON.

EXPERIENCE.

"Our acts our judgments are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—OLD SONNET.

For some Wise Cause, 'Experience HAS PROVED! before Perfection and True Balance in ANYTHING can be ATTAINED, There MUST BE MANY SWINGS of THE PENDULUM! To OPPOSITE EXTREMES.'

WITH YOUR BACK TO THE FIELD AND YOUR FEET TO YOUR FOE! NEVER SAY DIE TO ANY DILEMMA!!!

MORAL—

A Wise Paradise.

Nature's Laws.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well."—MILTON.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, to our



A WAYSIDE CONSULTATION!

cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*, and I should accept it as an image of human life.

The great mass of mankind are the 'POLL,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed."—HUXLEY.

We quote the above from Professor Huxley, because we think it fully endorses what we wish to press with great earnestness, in the cause of truth and health, upon the mind of the reader—that obedience to natural laws is health and happiness and long life, while disobedience or ignorance entails disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

A GENTLEMAN writes:—"For MANY YEARS I was a martyr to sea-sickness; I always take ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' for a few days on going for a voyage, and know the sickness now only by name, not as a punishment. This should be widely known."

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is simply MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishops of London and Stepney have visited Oxford during recent weeks. On the twenty-second Sunday after Trinity Dr. Lang gave a special address to undergraduates at the University Church, Oxford. He impressed on his hearers the importance of zeal as a condition of success in life, and recalled the memory of Mr. Gladstone in language not unlike that used by Mr. John Morley in his notable speech at Manchester. There was, said the Bishop, a glow of fire about Mr. Gladstone which melted and moulded the men of his party and the times in which he lived, and enabled him with astonishing success and force to carry through measures which he, at least, thought would be good for his country.

The Bishop of Winchester has made an amusing comparison between the life of a Bishop and the life of a railway-guard. Speaking the other day at Chertsey, he said we are far removed from the state of things when the Bishop of Winchester went about his diocese in a coach and six. Modern Bishops live much as a railway-guard does. If a railway-guard made a speech before his train started, delivered another on his arrival, and filled up the interval by writing letters, his life might fairly be compared to that of a Bishop. Dr. Randall Davidson said he was thankful to be living in the present time instead of in the days of the coach and six, and proud to have a share in the great work among our growing populations.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe, who has been celebrating his semi-jubilee as Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow Square, has several times refused invitations to important livings outside London. Churches at Plymouth, Clifton, Sheffield, and other places would gladly have secured him. During the last twenty-five years the sum of £180,000 has been raised at St. Paul's for mission-work at home and abroad. The Vicar spoke with grateful pride of the personal service given to the church by his people.

The Rev. G. S. Streatfeild, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, has accepted from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the offer of the rectorship of Fenny Compton, Warwickshire. At the recent celebration of Dr. Horton's twenty-first anniversary, Mr. Streatfeild sent a fraternal message, and Mr. Eliot Reed expressed, on behalf of the Lyndhurst Road congregation, the deep regret which all felt in the prospect of losing so highly esteemed a neighbour as the Vicar of Christ Church.

The Bishop of Ripon has been giving some excellent advice with regard to amusements. Speaking at the Church Institute, Ripon, he remarked that the question had been put to him by a confirmation candidate: "Is it right to go to the theatre?" He would not answer the question, because it was a personal matter; and if going to the theatre made an excitable person unfit for her home duties, it was wrong. At the same time, he warned his questioner not to sit on a throne of priggishness, and say to those around her that theatre-going was wrong.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has completely recovered from his recent indisposition, attended the Mayoral banquet in his Metropolitan city, and, in the course of a brief speech, insisted on the duty of each Christian to do his utmost to confer benefits on the whole world. Against the danger of a too-absorbing nationalism his Grace made the plea that the nations of the earth are now brought, by increased intercommunication, into closer relations with each other. Similarly, the Archbishop said a word in favour of greater solidarity among different bodies of professing Christians.

The new Bishop of Worcester has resigned his membership of the English Church Union, reluctantly, but under the conviction that a Bishop had better own no allegiance to voluntary religious associations which have to take a line on controversial matters of which he may be called to judge.

The Bishop of Stepney, preaching to the Mayor and Corporation of Stepney in Limehouse Parish Church, pointed out the desirability of unity among Borough Councils in working for an alleviation of the conditions of life under which the masses of the people exist. He welcomed every sign of a growth of that local enthusiasm which poverty, monotonous labour, and an environment of "mean streets" had stifled, and prophesied that the Borough Councils would leave London a better, a cleaner, and a nobler city than it was when they found it.

V.

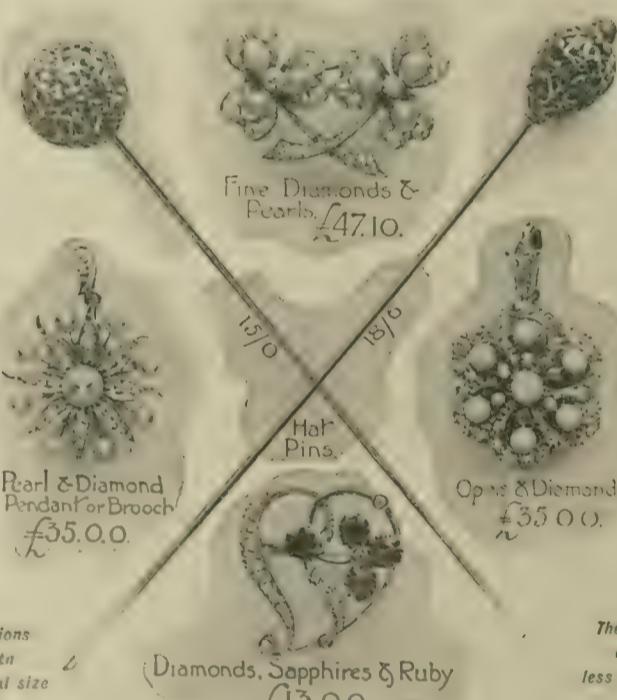
BY
SPECIAL
APPOINTMENT



TO
HIS
MAJESTY.

ELKINGTON & Co. LTD.

GOLDSMITHS, SILVERSMITHS,
AND JEWELLERS.



These illustrations
are One-Sixth
less than actual size
of Articles.

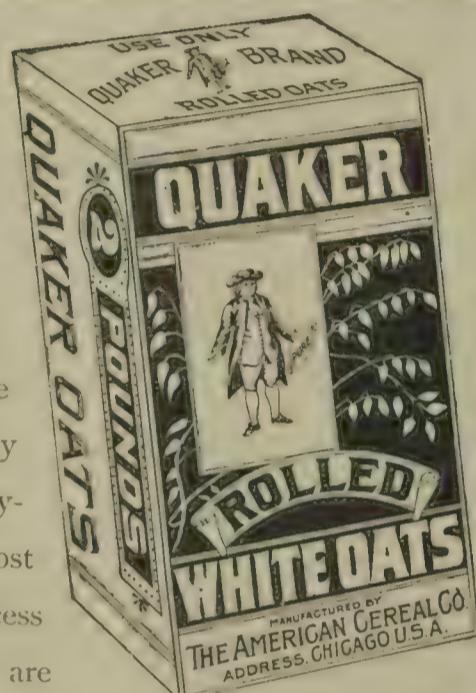
22, REGENT ST., S.W. 73, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
(CORNER OF JERMYN STREET).

27 & 29, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.
22 BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
WORKS & SHOW ROOMS: NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER.
84, ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

QUAKER OATS

is manufactured by the largest cereal milling concern in the world, from the choicest and most delicately flavoured oats grown anywhere, and by the most scientifically perfect process known to man. Its sales are larger than all other brands of oats combined. Buy only the best, which is the most delicious, most healthful, and most economical. That's—



Quaker Oats

At all Grocers'. Sold only in 1lb. and 2lb. Packets.

Every Packet bears the Quaker Name and Quaker Figure.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

HENNESSY'S

THREE STAR
BRANDY

Jas. Hennessy & Co.'s
Brandy has the largest
sale in the World. It
is Genuine Brandy.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites. Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., GUILDFORD STREET, LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is not a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER can be obtained throughout the British Colonies, India, United States of America, &c. &c.



FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA.
Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT.
Relieve the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION.
Relieve BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and CATARRH.
Clear and give Strength to the VOICE OF SINGERS.
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1d. per Box.

NOTICE.

See that the words "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are on the Government Stamp you buy, and that with which none are genuine.

FOX'S PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEE.

Registered No. 342,186/7.

SO DESIGNED AS TO WIND ON SPIRALLY FROM ANKLE TO KNEE, AND TO FIT CLOSELY TO THE LEG WITH EVEN PRESSURE WITHOUT ANY TURNS OR TWISTS.

Made in Two Weights, "HEAVY" and "LIGHT," and in a Variety of Colours. Shade Cards on Application.

The "HEAVY" Weight or "REGULATION" Quality is the same as originally made for His Majesty's Government, and now supplied in large quantities by FOX BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., for the use of Troops on Active Service.

FOR LADIES & CHILDREN.

IN "LIGHT" WEIGHT,
with Spats, 10/- per Pair.
without Spats, 6/- per Pair.



NO
MEASURE-
MENTS
REQUIRED.
WILL FIT
ANY LEG.
MADE OF
ALL WOOL.



SUPPORT
THE
LEG
AND ARE
MOST
COMFORT-
ABLE.

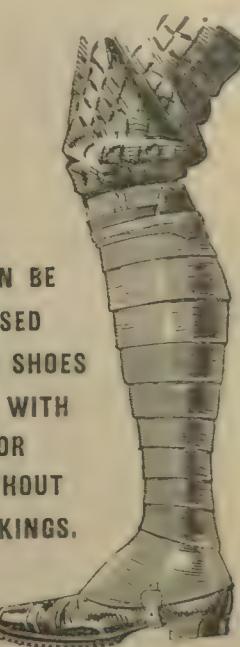


FOR
ROUGH, HARD
WEAR,
NO LEG COVERING
HAS EVER BEEN
INVENTED EQUAL
TO THE
"PUTTEE."

CAN BE
WORN
UNDER
TROUSERS
TO KEEP
THE LEG
DRY
IN WET
OR SNOW.



(Either Weight) per pair,
WITH SPATS.



Price
10/6

Price
6/-

per pair (Either Weight),
WITHOUT SPATS.

SOLE PATENTEES and
MANUFACTURERS:

FOX BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

Agents for the United States and Canada: BALE & MANLEY, NEW YORK.

DUTCH PAINTERS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

With the fourth volume, now in our hands, is completed the important work on "Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century" which Mr. Max Rooses, curator of the Plantin-Moretus Museum, edited, and Mr. F. Knowles has translated into English. The biographical notices, which are from various pens, are not all equally well done; and, of course, the artists selected for inclusion in the work are not all of the highest rank. We think that their number might very well have been kept lower, and the letterpress curtailed; and it would certainly have been better had Mr. Knowles, in doing the work into English, followed the original less slavishly, and ventured on a more free and idiomatic construction. "Thus Rembrandt," he writes, for instance "(the most perspicuous of Hollanders), was as landscape-painter—not perhaps in prolixity, but in force and power of expression—quite as superior as in figure and portrait painting." That is not, to say the least, elegant English. Art criticism, as is shown over and over again in this work, is apt to be dark enough in itself without being made more so by the want of lucidity in the statement of it. On the other hand, we willingly admit the excellence of many of these biographical notices; the illustrations, Mr. Zilcken's etchings and the photogravure plates and processed blocks, are well reproduced; and altogether the publishers (Messrs. Sampson Low) are to be

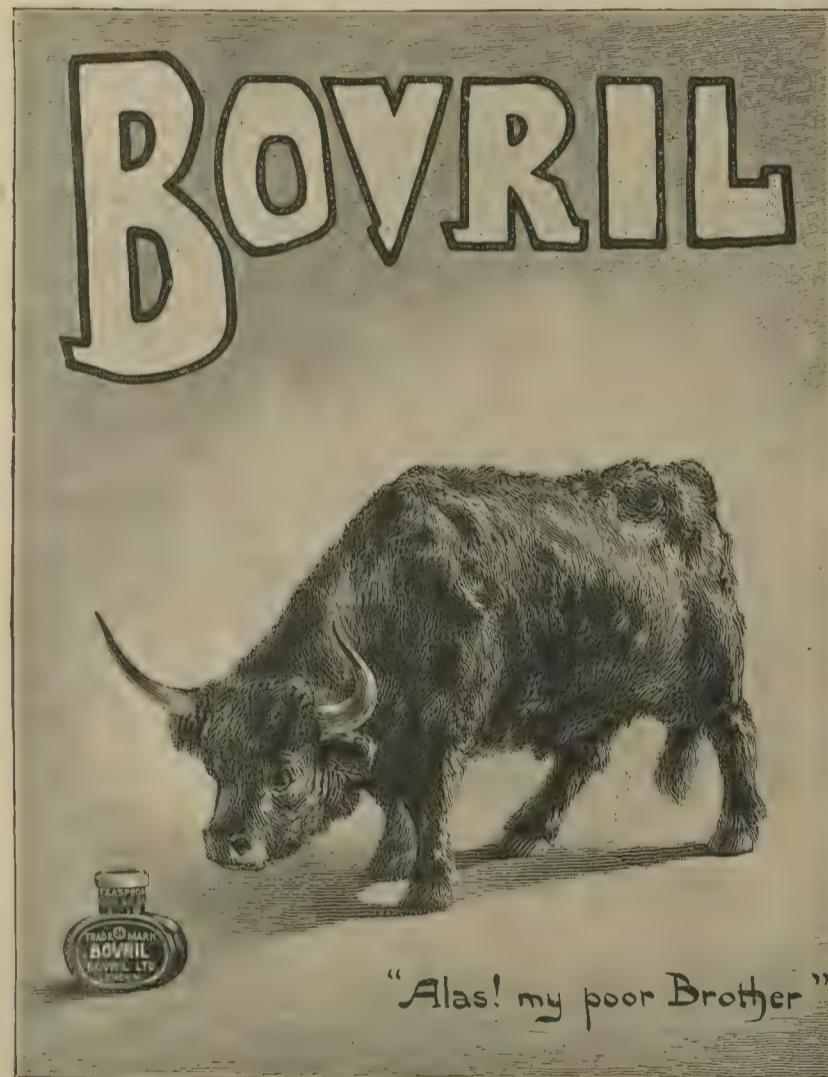
congratulated on the successful completion of a handsome and extremely interesting work.

By far the most important painter treated of in this fourth volume is that wonderful though (comparatively) little-known artist, Matthys Maris, of whom Mr. Marius treats with great discretion. To write fully upon the man, even as discovered in his art, would be, perhaps, to write rather more intimately than is permissible in the case of a living subject. On the other hand, the facts of Maris's career are not illuminating without some such intimate interpretation. Matthys Maris is, of course, one of three brothers who have greatly distinguished themselves in painting. "Jacob, the eldest" (we quote Mr. Marius), "who worked with a subdued nature in order the better to develop his great gift; Matthys, whose fiery, open-hearted nature had been doubly blessed by the gods, gifted not only with art, but with the power of easily imbibing science and knowledge; and William, the youngest, whose early life was made easy and smooth by his elder brothers, and who did not take long to discover his own broad sunny path." It was as a figure-painter, working on a sound tradition, that Jacob Maris first promised to excel. We have had opportunities in recent exhibitions in London of seeing several of his works belonging to this early period. Not until he had returned to the Hague from Paris—almost all the great landscape-painters in Holland of modern times have studied in Paris, and returned to their Dutch meadows for their subjects—did he fully develop, we believe, that wonderful power in

landscape which places him, one may confidently contend, in the foremost place among his contemporaries. From Mr. Marius's notice, we gather that while Jacob was in Paris his brother Matthys was rapidly making a reputation for himself at home, and finding purchasers for his works—among others, an amateur in Scotland, who is believed to possess the largest and most representative collection of this artist that is to be found anywhere.

At this stage, however, Matthys Maris was filled with a spirit of dissatisfaction that "took away all his powers of work and destroyed his confidence, which was already wrecked, by overmuch seeing and admiring." His brother Jacob persuaded him to join him in Paris; he was there during the Commune, and took part in it, not altogether voluntarily, it is true, though it coincided with his views. Some time later he came to London, in a suburb of which he made his home. His ideas were Socialistic; not theoretically only, but practically so. Considering it a humiliation to be waited on by another, even if the service is paid for, he dispensed with the comfort of attendance. The fear of falling into the hands of the wealthy art-dealers caused him to hide his works, as well as his ability, from sheer sensitiveness. A representative exhibition of his work has not been possible so far, therefore; and until it is, the artistic career of Matthys Maris must remain a puzzle. Mr. Marius (who speaks of his subject's "Hamlet-like nature"), no doubt, comes near the solution of it when he says that "the life of a Thys Maris is so interlaced

Bovril strengthens as well as stimulates—

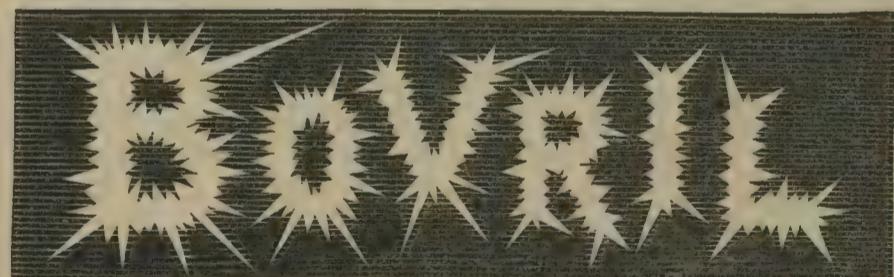


that's the great essential difference between Bovril and its many imitations. Bovril is a scientific preparation made by machinery under the superintendence of chemists of repute in well-appointed laboratories—and it is British made.

Comparison with foreign products—whether for quality or food value—is out of the question.

The Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund for London.

 HUNDREDS OF EMPTY BEDS
 for want of more subscriptions.
 Every Shilling Helps.
 BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.



VIROL is recommended for the young by Bovril, Ltd.

BENSON'S
 PLATE CHESTS
 FITTED WITH
 STERLING SILVER
 OR
 "IMPERIAL" PLATE.
 Guaranteed to last
 a lifetime at a
 quarter the Cost.
 CASES
 or
 CANTEENS
 of
 "IMPERIAL"
 PLATE.
 A.D. 1901
 Book
 Post Free. The above Plate Chest fitted with the celebrated "Imperial" Plate or Solid Silver.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.,
 AND 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.
PLATE CHESTS
 To suit any requirement.
'IMPERIAL' PLATE
 IS THE BEST
 Wearing Substitute
 for Solid Silver.
 CAN BE SUPPLIED ON
 "The Times"
 Well known Pub. of
 20 MONTHLY
 PAYMENTS.
 Full
 Particulars
 Order Form
 post free.
 ANY SIZE CAN
 BE MADE.
 SPECIAL
 ESTIMATES,
 FREE.

ROBERTSON'S

Dundee Whisky

An exquisite old blended scotch whisky

THE
AEOLIAN
AS PART OF THE
HOME EQUIPMENT

The Aeolian is the most versatile, accommodating, and gratifying of entertainers. It is being recognized as an important part of the equipment of the home.

It will entertain a house-party for a week at a time, and is of special value when no member of the party is a skilled musician.

The reason is
obvious

Every kind of music is supplied—classical, operatic, dance, or song.

Any one can play
the Aeolian

Any one can play the Aeolian, irrespective of musical training. More than this, the Aeolian gives a repertory which is absolutely unlimited.

It is a solo
orchestra

Its different tones are voiced to imitate the different orchestral instruments. What gives value to all this is that the expression, which gives life and reality to music, is regulated by the player. He, therefore, has all the pleasure of actually producing music himself.

Wagner's, Verdi's, or Gounod's operas, Beethoven's symphonies and overtures, Bach's fugues, Chopin's nocturnes, and Liszt's rhapsodies: oratorios and all classes of sacred music, Sullivan's or De Koven's light operas, Sousa's marches, and Strauss's waltzes, are always subject to your call.

We make Aeolians costing £600, and we make Aeolians which can be bought for as little as £24. The smallest instrument embodies the same principles, is just as perfect in construction, and plays just as many selections as the most expensive models.

Aeolians may be purchased by moderate monthly payments when desired. You are invited to visit our showrooms, if for no other reason than to learn more about this remarkable instrument—what it is and what it will do. If you are unable to call, and the subject interests you, we shall be pleased to send you descriptive catalogue 25.



Model D. Price £90.

If you have an
Aeolian

We make Aeolians costing £600, and we make Aeolians which can be bought for as little as £24. The smallest instrument embodies the same principles, is just as perfect in construction, and plays just as many selections as the most expensive models.

Aeolians may be purchased by moderate monthly payments when desired. You are invited to visit our showrooms, if for no other reason than to learn more about this remarkable instrument—what it is and what it will do. If you are unable to call, and the subject interests you, we shall be pleased to send you descriptive catalogue 25.

THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY,
225 Regent Street, London, W.

The Aeolian is sold at no other address in London.

Fashionable Mourning.
PETER ROBINSON'S MOURNING WAREHOUSE
256, REGENT ST., W.



Mourning in every detail.

REFINED & ELEGANT.

MODERATE PRICES.

FASHIONABLE MATERIALS

*Every Requirement for Mourning
Attire adapted to the Latest
Fashion.*

"The cachet of a distinctive prettiness, and perfection of make."

—Vide Gentlewoman, Oct. 20, 1900.

All Grades of Mourning kept in stock for Immediate Use, and upon receipt of Letter or Telegram, a competent Assistant will be despatched to any address in Town or Country to carry out all the requirements of

Modern Mourning Orders.

**FUNERALS
CONDUCTED.**

Telegraphic Address—

"Peter Robinson, 256, Regent St.,
London."

Telephone—2668 Gerrard.

PATTERNS AND ESTIMATES FOR MOURNING POST FREE.

Letter Orders Executed Promptly.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., 252 to 264, REGENT ST., W.

OETZMANN & CO.
Hampstead Road, W.
(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road.)

SALE OF A FURNISHING STOCK

Purchased for Cash at a Discount of 47½ per Cent.

NOW PROCEEDING.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

**ALL CARPETS MADE UP
FREE.**



Very Quaint Fumigated Oak Hall Fitment, with cupboards, fitted with oxidised copper pegs for hats and coats, and divisions for umbrellas or sticks, drawer for gloves, &c., and hammered copper panel. £5 15s.



Handsome Inlaid Mahogany Sheraton Drawing-Room China Cabinet, fitted with two doors and shelves, lined throughout with pale green silk, 3 ft. 3 in. wide. £6 17s. 6d.

Mappin & Webb's
Chairman—
J. NEWTON MAPPIN.
(Ltd.)

FITTED SUIT CASES.



ILLUSTRATED
PRICE
LIST OF
100
VARIETIES,
POST FREE.

The "Kimberley" Suit Case, in Solid Leather; size, 26 inches; completely fitted with Sterling Silver and Ivory Requisites, as Illustrated. Price £28 10s.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W., AND 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

SHEFFIELD—MANCHESTER—NICE—JOHANNESBURG—
THE ROYAL WORKS, ST. ANN'S SQUARE. PLACE JARDIN PUBLIC, 8, VON BRANDIS SQUARE.

and interwoven with art that it is not easy to say which is uppermost, or on which side the scale will turn; either art-interpretations dominate life, or life-interpretations overrule and influence the laws of art." Mr. Marius has developed this idea in his biographical notice of Matthys Maris with skill and discretion.

After Maris, it is to John Voerman that we turn with most interest. Mr. Steenhoff, who writes the biographical notice of him, tells us that he was born in Kampen in 1857, entered the Royal Academy at Amsterdam when he was twenty, and studied there for three years, and then, after a course in Antwerp under Verlat and another year in the Amsterdam schools, settled down at Hattem, not far from his native town, where he still resides. He was brought up to the farming life, according to his biographer; and it is as the painter of the meadows of his country that he is noted "the broad meadows at their most peaceful moments, with the patient cattle grazing so contentedly, living there all through the summer months, never wearying, never impatient, but in a happy state of repose." As everyone who is acquainted with Voerman's work knows, however, he sees and paints these meadows in a manner peculiarly his own. He is, if we may use the word, a "sensitivist" in paint, who is still working out an ideal of his own.

It is sufficient to add that Mr. A. C. Loffelt writes with sense and appreciation of Bilders, a genuine artist and an engaging personality.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1895), with three codicils (dated May 5, 1896, Dec. 22, 1897, and Feb. 16, 1901), of Mr. Matthew Whiting, of Acklands, Wandsworth Common, who died on Sept. 16, was proved on Nov. 2 by Mrs. Annie Sinclair Whiting, the widow, John Hopgood, and Edwin Perkins Ridley, the executors, the value of the estate being £153,804. The testator gave his residence, with the furniture and effects therein, and such an annual sum as, with the income of her marriage, settlement, will make up £2500 per annum, to his wife; £500 to Fanny Maria Clementson; and many small legacies to executors and friends. The residue of his property is to be divided into twelve parts, one each for the following hospitals—namely, St. Thomas's Hospital, St. George's Hospital, Guy's Hospital, King's College Hospital, Westminster Hospital, Middlesex Hospital, the London Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Great Northern Hospital, the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton), and the New Hospital for Women (Euston Road).

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1892), with five codicils (dated Feb. 26, 1892, May 15, 1893, Nov. 23, 1900, and April 25 and June 12, 1901), of Rear-Admiral John Hugh Bainbridge, of Frankfield, Cork, and Elfordleigh, Plympton, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Nov. 2 by Mrs. Rose Catherine Bainbridge, the widow, Robert Conway Dobbs, and Aubrey Henry Birch Reynardson, the executors, the

value of the estate being £149,159. The testator gives £3000 each to his daughters; £500 each to his executors, except his wife; £1000 stock of the company of John Bowes and Partners to his son John Hugh, and he nominates him a partner thereof; and £100 each to Emily Powell and John Monk. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his son John Hugh.

The will (dated March 5, 1897), with two codicils (dated March 4 and Aug. 31, 1901), of Mr. Edward Thomas Edmunds Besley, K.C., of Rosemount, 65, Sydenham Hill, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Nov. 2 by Lieutenant-Colonel William Waller West, the Rev. William Blackmore, Thomas Addenbrooke, and Miss Norah Besley, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £81,602. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, etc., carriages and horses, to his wife; and £25 to his clerk. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum each to his sisters Elizabeth Hart Linton and Emily Morel; £300 per annum each to his daughters Nora and Lolo Julia during the life of their mother; and the remainder of the income to his wife, during her life or widowhood, or an annuity of £300, in the event of her remarriage. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided between his daughters Nora, Lolo Julia, Mrs. Emily Pasmore, and Mrs. Amy Lawrence, and Guy and Lily, the children of his deceased daughter Mrs. Lily Addenbrooke. His

**A Genuine Imported Cigarette
made in the Home
of the Tobacco Leaf.**

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE
are now reduced to
A POPULAR PRICE.

This reduction is effected without sacrifice, either in weight, size, or quality.

Manufactured by the American Tobacco Co., New York, U.S.A.

**WATCH, CLOCK,
AND JEWELLERY
MANUFACTURERS**

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
The Royal Observatory,
The Admiralty,
The British, Indian,
Russian, Persian, and
French Governments,
And the Principal Railway
Companies.

**ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUES**
POST FREE.



The "Cheapside" Silver Keyless Half-plate English Lever, Jewelled in 13 Actions, Chronometer Balance, Air, Damp, and Dust Tight. £5; ditto in Gold, £15.

The Standard Half-plate English Keyless Half-plate English Lever, Jewelled throughout in Rubies, Chronometer Balance, 18-carat Gold Extra Strong Case, Crystal Glass. £21; ditto in Silver, £15.

Gold Keyless Half-plate English Half-plate English Lever, Jewelled in Rubies, Chronometer Balance, 18-carat Gold Extra Strong Case, Crystal Glass. £21; ditto in Gold, £15.

Silver Keyless Minute Chronograph. Perfectly Accurate as a Time-keeper. This Watch registers the Minutes, Seconds, and Fifths of a Second. From £5; ditto in Gold, from £20.

**GRADUAL PAYMENT
SYSTEM BY MONTHLY
INSTALMENTS:**

*Full Particulars
will be given or sent
on application.*

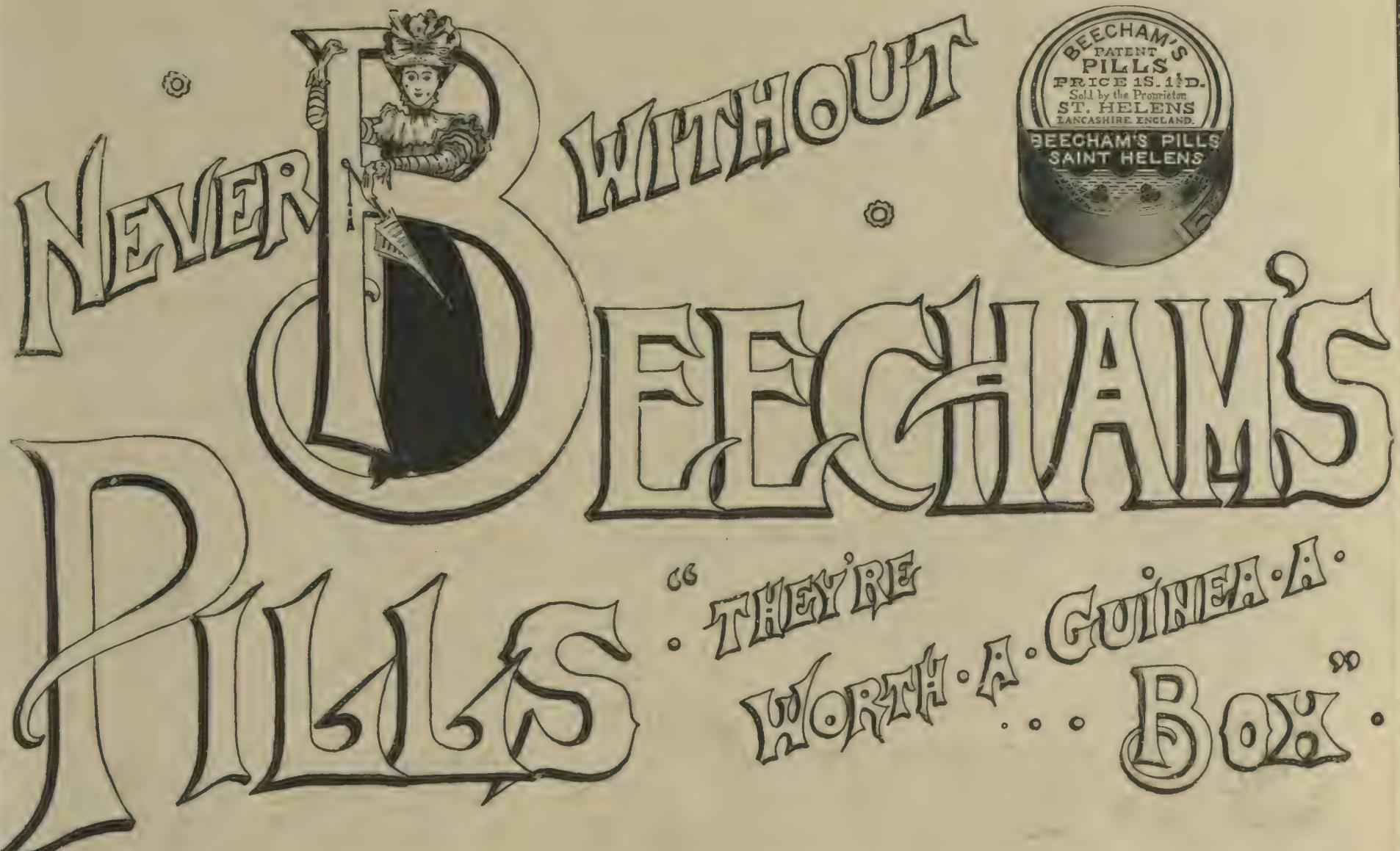
SPECIAL ATTENTION
is called to our Large, Choice,
and Valuable Stock of
**DIAMONDS and
OTHER GEMS.**

CLOCKS.

The Finest Stock in
London at Prices
Lower than ever.

A Written Guarantee given with
each Watch.

65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



PHOSFERINE,

The Greatest of All Tonics.



**"GREAT BENEFIT. FOR THE GOOD OF
OTHERS SHALL MAKE IT KNOWN AT
EVERY OPPORTUNITY."**

Mr. GEO. W. WILDING, Wyndham House, Banbury Road, Brackley, Northamptonshire, writes: "You will be pleased to know that I have found great benefit from taking your Phosferine, and for the good of others shall make it known at every opportunity."

Will you kindly send to Mrs. W. J. Carpenter a small bottle, stamps enclosed.—October 7, 1901.

Phosferine is an unfailing remedy for Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Anæmia, Brain-fag, Depression, Impoverished Blood, Rheumatism, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Influenza, Nervous Headaches, Debility, and all Disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

ROYAL COMMANDS.

PHOSFERINE enjoys the distinguished honour of having received commands from

MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY.

H.I.M. the Empress of Russia.

H.M. the King of Greece.

H.M. the Queen of Roumania.

H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia.

H.S.H. the Hereditary Princess of Leiningen.

And the principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia.

H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Roumania.

H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia.

H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse.

H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia.

THE APOLLO

PIANO PLAYER.

Have you a Piano? Almost everyone has. But can you play it? Ah! only a little. By buying an **APOLLO** to attach to your Piano, you can have the most perfect music of all kinds played on your own instrument in a faultless manner.

YOU SUPPLY THE EXPRESSION AND SOUL. WE SUPPLY THE TECHNIQUE.

Some points why the

APOLLO

is the best Piano Player ever offered to the Public—
The Music-rolls are . . .

SELF RE-WINDING

All Music can be played

IN ANY KEY

by means of a transposing screw.

It is easily pedalled, and responds quickly to the action of the foot. There is no strain on the muscles, as in other attachments.

The Pedals are adjustable to suit the Performer.

Anyone can play it.

It is constructed to suit extreme climates.

In fact, it is the most perfect attachment.

A child can play all Music—either Operas, Oratorios, Chamber Music, or Accompaniments, in **ANY KEY** at will; and no knowledge of Music is necessary.



VLADIMIR
DE PACHMANN says—

Stop, and the tr. I wish you well-deserved success.

L. EMIL BACI says—

"I have just made a carefu

I am astonished at its f. in execution of the most difficult pr. in works, and at its artistic expres. by use of the tempo stop. This in

PRICE £52 10s. NETT.

THE CLARK APOLLO CO.,

(**"B"** Department),

119, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Proprietors, ASHTON & PARSONS, Ltd., 17, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

Bottles, 1/12, 2/9, and 4/6. Post free, 1/3, 3/4, and 4/0. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/12 size.

eldest daughter, Mrs. Florence Mary Blackmore, has already been provided for by settlement.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1899) of Mr. Charles Jacob Bullock-Marsham, of Edgcott, Bucks, and 11, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Nov. 5 by Robert Henry Bullock-Marsham, the brother, and Charles George Bullock-Marsham, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £81,410. The testator devises all his real estate and he gives his pictures, plate, china, and books to his brother Robert Henry for life, and then to his nephew Charles George. He bequeaths £500 Cannon Brewery shares each to his nephews Charles George and Henry Anstruther; £1000 each to his nieces Mary Evelyn and Leila Janet; £20,000, on trust, for his brother Robert Henry for life, and then as he shall appoint to his four children; £10,000, on trust, for his brother Clodesley Dewar for life, and then as he shall

appoint to his children; and £5000, on trust, for his sister Jessie Elizabeth Style for life, and then for her son Richard Charles Montagu Style. The residue of his property he leaves between his two brothers and sister.

The will (dated April 11, 1899), with a codicil (dated March 4, 1901), of Mr. James Duke Hill, of 4, Onslow Gardens, S.W., who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Nov. 5 by Mrs. Marianne Hill, the widow, and Reginald Duke Hill and James William Hill, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £78,393. The testator gives to his wife £500, all his furniture and effects, and the income from £20,000. Subject thereto his property is to be divided between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 21, 1898) of Major Robert Irvine, of St. Catherine's, Beckenham, and formerly of West Hartlepool, who died on July 27, was proved on Oct. 29 by Henry Douglas Eshelby and William James Morrison,

two of the executors, the value of the estate being £45,874. The testator gives all his household furniture, etc., to his wife, and during her widowhood the income of his residuary estate. Subject thereto his property is to be divided between his children, share and share alike.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1899) of Mr. Pendril Charles, J.P., of Plasnewydd, Neath, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Oct. 31 by Henry Pendril Charles, Rhys Pendril Charles, and Frank Pendril Charles, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £41,525. The testator gives £300, his household and domestic effects, and an annuity of £520 to his wife, Mrs. Alice Catherine Charles; £4 per week, for life, to his daughter Mary Williams; and £1500, upon trust, for his grandchildren Frank and Nita Charles. The residue of his property he leaves between his five sons, Henry, Rhys, Frank, Albert, and Clifford.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.

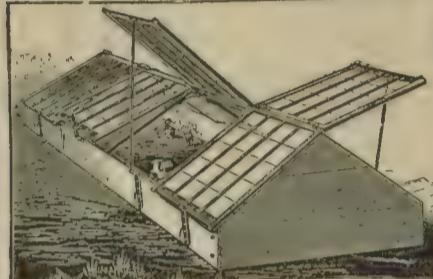
CANADIAN CLUB
WHISKY.

The age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

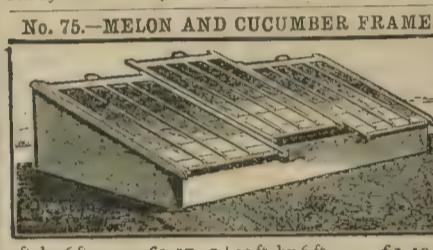
Obtainable throughout the World.

BOULTON & PAUL LTD.
HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS.
WINTER GARDENS, CONSERVATORIES, &c.
GARDEN FRAMES.

No. 73.—SPAN-ROOF GARDEN FRAME.



4 ft. by 6 ft. £2 11 6 | 12 ft. by 6 ft. £5 12 0
8 ft. by 6 ft. 4 2 0 | 16 ft. by 6 ft. 7 5 0



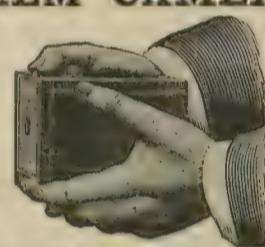
No. 75.—MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAME.

4 ft. by 6 ft. £1 17 0 | 12 ft. by 6 ft. £3 19 0
8 ft. by 6 ft. 2 18 0 | 16 ft. by 6 ft. 5 0 0

CUCUMBER FRAME LIGHTS.
6 ft. by 4 ft., painted and glazed, each 15/-
6 ft. by 4 ft., unpainted, unglazed, each 5/-

CARRIAGE PAID on Orders of 40s. value to most Goods Stations in England and Wales.

AN EFFICIENT
5/-
FILM CAMERA.



THE BROWNIE.

Not a Toy. Takes splendid Photographs, 2½ by 2½ inches. Complete with Handbook of Instructions. Price only 5/-, or with Spool of Film for Six Exposures, 5/- Post Free, 4d. extra.

Of all Photographic Dealers, or from—
KODAK, LTD., 48, Clerkenwell Rd., LONDON, E.C.

Retail Branches—60, Cheapside, E.C.; 125, Oxford St., W.; 171-173, Regent St., W.; 52, Brompton Rd., W.; 40, Strand, W.C.; also at 96, Bold St., Liverpool; and 72-74, Buchanan St., Glasgow.

Paris—Eastman Kodak Société Anonyme Française, Avenue de l'Opéra 5, Place Vendôme 4. Berlin—Eastman Kodak Gesellschaft in, B. H. Friedrich Strasse 101, Friedrich Strasse 16. Brussels—Kodak, Ltd., Rue du Fosse aux Loups 36. Vienna—Kodak, Ltd., Graben 29. St. Petersburg—Kodak, Ltd., Bolshaja Konjuschenaja 1. Moscow—Kodak, Ltd., Don Michaeloff.

**CASH'S WOVEN NAMES
AND INITIAL LETTERS.**

Are FAR SUPERIOR TO MARKING INK, being woven in fast Turkey Red, Navy, or White Cotton, on fine Cambric Tape, & can be sewn on to Collars, Shirts, Socks & all kinds of Woollen Underclothing; They are also most suitable for Sheets, Blankets, Table Cloths, &c. &c.

Price of 1 Gross of any Name, 5/- Half Gross, 3/3.



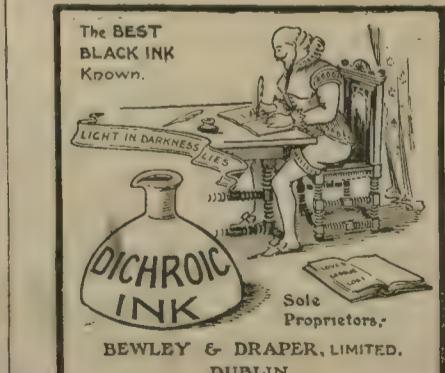
THE "ENGLISHWOMAN" SAYS—

"Endless trouble with laundresses is averted by using Cash's neat embroidered name tapes, on which initials or full names are woven in fast Turkey-red letters on fine cambric."



CUTICURA RESOLVENT is so pure, sweet, and wholesome that all ages may take it with pleasure and benefit. Its mission is to cool and cleanse the blood in eczema and other torturing, disfiguring humours, rashes, and irritations, while warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP cleanse the surface of crusts and scales, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment soothe and heal itching, burning skin.

Price, SOAP, 1s. OINTMENT, 2s. 6d. all Chemists; or, postpaid by F. NEWBERRY & SONS, London, E.C. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Prop., Boston, U.S.A.



**DON'T COUGH USE
KEATING'S LOZENCES
FOR YOUR COUGH.**

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU, "there is no better Cough Medicine." One gives relief when you suffer from colds, and they will not injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 18d. tins.

Fryer's Special Smokyng Mixture.

"Glorious in a pipe—
Mellow, rich and ripe."

MERRYWEATHERS'
APPARATUS
FOR COUNTRY HOUSE

FIRE PROTECTION.

Every Owner should Buy

Merryweathers'

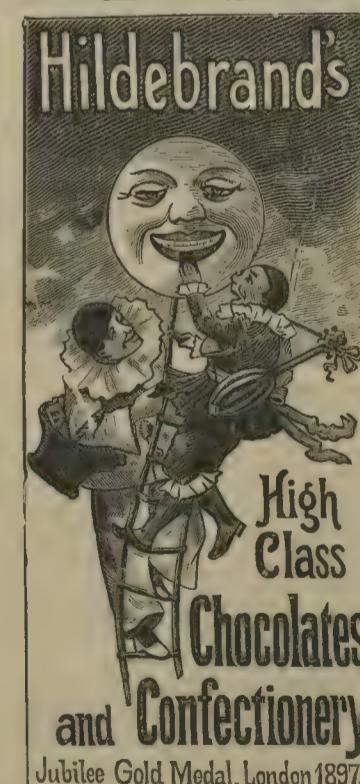
**"LONDON
BRIGADE"
HAND FIRE
PUMP,**

By which five-eighths of the Fires occurring annually in London are extinguished. Complete (delivered free to any part of the Kingdom),

£5 5s.

Write for Pamphlets,
"THE PROTECTION OF MANSIONS FROM FIRE"
AND
"WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS."
Complete Apparatus can be seen in action at

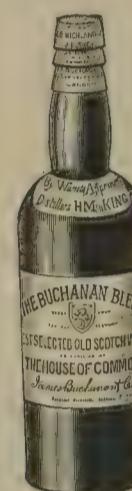
MERRYWEATHERS, 63, Long Acre, W.C., London.



**MELLIN'S
FOOD AND
INFANTS
INVALIDS**

prepared as directed is rich in those substances which tend to nourish and sustain children and sick persons. Sample bottle on application. Mention this paper.—*Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E.*

**BUCHANAN
BLEND**
SCOTCH WHISKY



JAMES BUCHANAN & CO.

SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS.

By Appointment to

H. M. THE KING.

BLACK SWAN DISTILLERY—26, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.
Also

GLASGOW—14 & 16, Bothwell Street.

LIVERPOOL—Albany Chambers, Oldhall Street.

MANCHESTER—24, Barton Arcade, Deansgate.

BIRMINGHAM—17, Temple Street.

BRISTOL—Edinburgh Chambers, 16, Baldwin Street

PARIS—217, Rue St. Honore.

MADRAS—Mount Road.



**OLD FALSE TEETH
BOUGHT.**

Many people have old or disused false teeth. Messrs. R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Ltd., of Princes Street, Ipswich (established 1833), buy old false teeth. If you send your teeth to them they will reunite you by return of post the utmost value; or, if preferred, they will make you the best offer, and hold the teeth over for your reply. The largest and oldest buyers of old false teeth in the world.



TRELOAR'S CLEARANCE LIST OF CARPETS, AT REDUCED PRICES.

NOTICE.

This Clearance List, which will be sent post free on application, contains particulars of Special Carpets, which are offered at greatly reduced prices at the end of the season. The large and increasing trade which TRELOAR & SONS do in all Floor Coverings renders it necessary to clear out yearly all remnants, old patterns, &c., &c., of every description of Carpet, in order to make room for the New Season's Goods. Of course, the List is only a temporary one—that is to say, the Carpets are offered only upon the condition that they are still in stock, and unsold. They cannot be repeated at the prices given in the Clearance List.

TRELOAR & SONS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Telegraphic Address: TRELOAR, London. Telephone Number: 5044 Bank.
Established 1832.
ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

WATCHES.

£17 £17



The GOLDSMITHS COMPANY beg to announce that they have greatly extended their Watch Department, and are now placing before the public AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE ASSORTMENT OF HIGH-CLASS GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. BELOW THOSE USUALLY CHARGED BY OTHER HOUSES FOR SIMILAR GOODS.

The Department is under the charge of a thoroughly competent, practical man, who will at all times be happy to give advice and assistance in the selection or repairing of Watches.

THE COMPANY'S WATCHES ARE THE FINEST MANUFACTURED

New Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

Selections of Watches Forwarded on Approval.

A Comparison of Prices and Quality is Invited.

THE

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY,
112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Telephone: 3729.

Telegrams: "Argenon, London."

IN 1/1000 SECOND

This Picture was taken with the Celebrated

**GOERZ ANSCHUTZ
FOLDING CAMERA**

This is the most perfect, most compact, and lightest of all cameras, and can be used for all kinds of Photographic Work, such as Groups, Portraits, Architecture, Landscapes, and the Fastest Instantaneous Pictures, as was shown a short time since by an exhibit at the West-End Agents, The London Stereoscopic and Photographic Co., Ltd., 106, Regent Street, London, W. It is fitted with the Celebrated Goerz Double Anastigmat, the best high-class lens on the market for universal use.

A Splendidly Illustrated Pamphlet will be sent, free of charge, if the application is sent to Department "I.H." of the Optical Works of

C. P. GOERZ,

4 & 5, HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.



"You look unusually fresh this morning, dear!"

"I really feel so; I use

CLARKE'S

AMMONIA

in my bath."



HALF THE PRICE AND DOUBLE THE STRENGTH
OF ORDINARY HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA.

Retains its Strength to the last drop.

Used in the Bath; this popular Ammonia gives a delightful, refreshing feeling to the person. Its cleansing properties are manifested when used for washing china, glass, silver, clothes, &c. It is a necessity as well as a luxury, and its low price brings it within the reach of all.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

Large Sample Bottle Free on receipt of 3 penny stamps for postage. Address—

CLARKE'S,
360, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.



SEEGER'S

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

It dyes the hair a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by merely combing it through.

HAIR DYE

Of all Hair-dressers, 2/- or plain salaried, post free.
2/- HINDES LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

ASTHMA CURE
GRIMAUT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, and Oppression immediately relieved by these CIGARETTES. All Chemists, or Post Free, 1s. od. WILCOX & CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

LAZENBY'S ECONOMIC, CONVENIENT & PORTABLE SOUP SQUARES

These squares are prepared in 13 Varieties (MULLIGATAWNY, JULIENNE, GRAVY, &c.), and should find a place in every store-room, being invaluable for making soup at short notice or improving stock. They will keep good any reasonable length of time and are packed in neat boxes containing 6 & 12 Squares.

ONE 6⁰ SQUARE
WILL MAKE A PINT & A HALF
OF STRONG NUTRITIOUS SOUP

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING GROCERS & STORES.
Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the Squares, please communicate at once with the Manufacturers.

E. LAZENBY & SON, LTD., 18 Trinity St., LONDON, S.E.

LAZENBY'S
13 VARIETIES.
SOUP SQUARES

THE GREAT SARAH JENNINGS.

"The Queen's Comrade" (Hutchinson), of whom Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy has written a *chronique scandaleuse*, is Sarah Jennings, first Duchess of Marlborough, and friend and companion of Queen Anne. There is abundance of pleasant anecdote in the two handsome volumes which Mr. Molloy has compiled. The haughty and resolute character of the termagant Sarah is vividly portrayed. "Old Marlborough is dying," writes Horace Walpole, when she was nearing the end of her life, "she is dying, but who can tell? Last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physicians said, 'She must be blistered or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered and I

won't die.'" And she was as good as her word. The year before her death her grandson, the young Duke of Marlborough, threw up his Court appointments, in the hope of currying favour with his grandmother and being mentioned in her will. When the Dowager Duchess (who hated the Court) heard of his resignation, all she said was: "It is very natural; he listed as soldiers do when they're drunk, and repented when he was sober." And that was all the advantage the Duke got for his change of politics. She treated his sister, Lady Bateman, with an equal severity. Angry at the marriage which Lady Bateman had induced her brother to enter into with Miss Trevor, the Dowager determined to punish the offender. She had a portrait of Lady Bateman, which she made the means of her revenge. "She did not

give it away, nor sell it to a broker; nor send it up to a lumber-garret, nor even turn its front to the wall. She had the face blackened over, and this sentence, 'She is much blacker within,' inscribed in large characters on the frame; and thus placed in her usual sitting-room, it was exhibited to all beholders." A work containing stories such as these we have quoted cannot possibly be called dull. And yet Mr. Molloy's compilation is neither good history nor good literature. For Mr. Molloy is an Irishman, and the Irish animus against William III. and the Protestant party appears on every page. It is not a question of the fact he employs; it is a question of the tone in which he writes. A want of sympathy distorts his view of the great characters who contrived the English Revolution.

Cycling in Winter

can be made safe and enjoyable by riding genuine non-slipping

DUNLOP TYRES

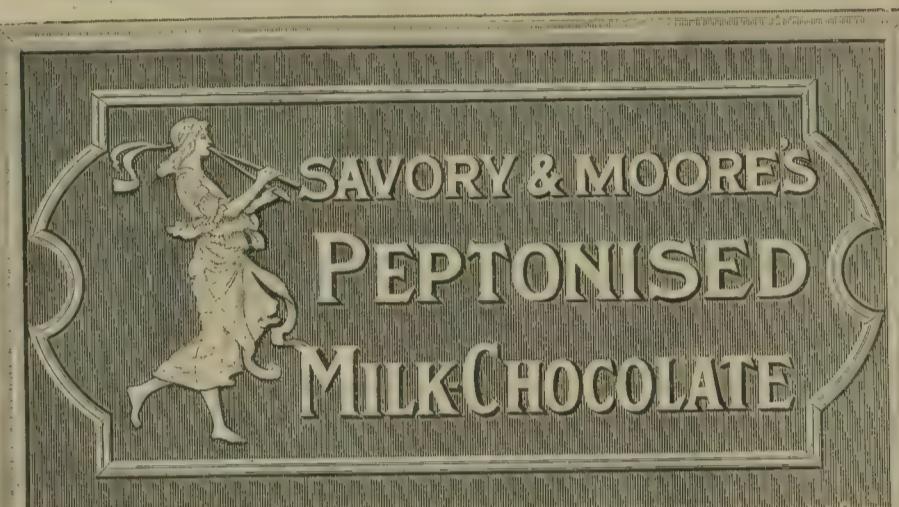
They are reduced to **55s.** per pair. Guaranteed for thirteen months, and can be had from all cycle agents, with wired or beaded edges.

The Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd.,

Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham; and Branches.



Nutrient Value Double that of Ordinary Chocolate.



Extreme Digestibility.

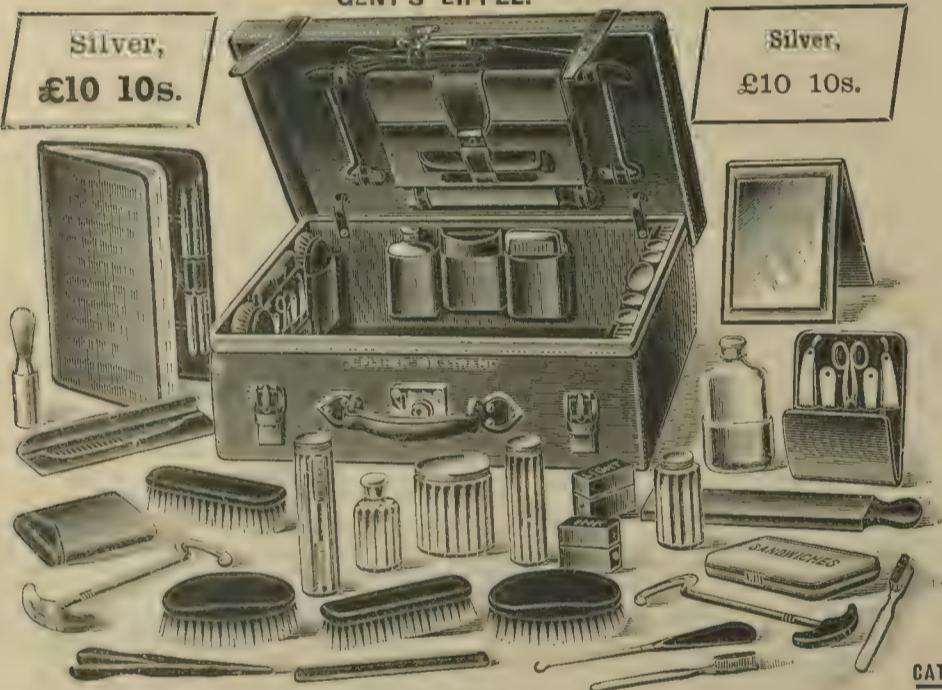
In Boxes, 2/6. In Packets, 1/-, 6d.
143, New Bond Street, London.

Delicious Flavour.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND, BAG MAKER.

GENT'S EIFFEL.

Silver,
£10 10s.



Gent's case, leather, lined leather, 24 in., completely fitted, silver mounts, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

FISHER'S DREADNOUGHT.



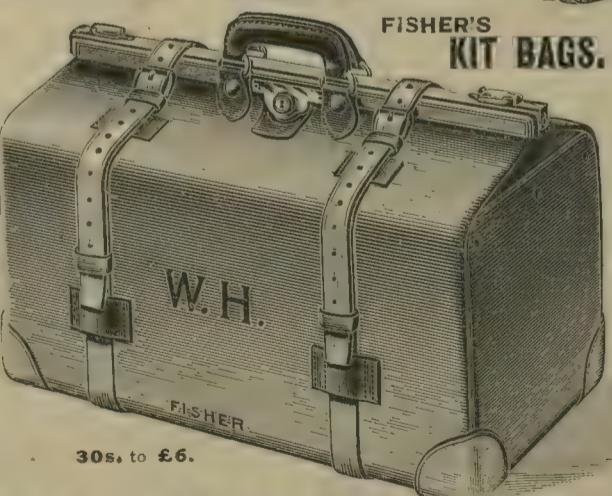
Turned over edges, leather corners, copper riveted.
The INDESTRUCTIBLE TRUNK.

Silver,
£10 10s.

Silver,
£10 10s.

CATALOGUE FREE.

FISHER'S KIT BAGS.



30s. to £6.

Silver,
£10 10s.



Lady's case, in leather, lined with silk, convenient size, 16 in., fully fitted with handsomely chased silver fittings, as shown. Price complete, £10 10s.

FISHER'S FOLKESTONE TRUNK.



WONDERFUL FOR STRENGTH
FOR LIGHTNESS.

The only trunk for the Continent. Saves payments for excess luggage.

CATALOGUE FREE.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All improvements. At 1 and 21, Curzon St.—1,000 francs. 1 year term. 1 year's warranty. Steel and iron cases from 7 guineas; iron framed, full trichord Pianos from 12 1/2 per month. Organs from 5 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Estd. 116 years).
91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.
Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

HIGH PRESSURE
STEAM PREPARED



NO MORE ASTHMA
FROM THIS MOMENT.
Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted to be unrivaled. Particulars gratis and post free from
D. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.
DEPOT: WILCOX, JOZEAU, AND CO.,
49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

SYMINGTON'S PEA FLOUR
EASILY DIGESTED.

FOR THICKENING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.

Sold in Tins and Packets by all Grocers.
Manufacturers: BOWDEN STEAM MILLS, MARKET HARBOROUGH.

Export Agents: C. & E. MORTON, LONDON.

Indigestion.

"Is the cause of more illness than any other complaint."
Vide "Medical Press."

Do You Suffer? Then read this.

Indigestion is one of the most frequent, as well as one of the most painful and disease-producing complaints which afflict mankind to-day. If the food be insufficiently masticated, or, as it is popularly termed, "bolted," the proper discharge of the functions of the stomach must be impeded, and this in its turn will produce the complaint known as indigestion. Lack of exercise, abuse of spirits, insufficient food, bad air, worry or brain work, and sedentary habits are all known to be powerful factors in the production of indigestion. The symptoms are a feeling of heaviness on the chest, or of distress after eating, a disagreeable taste in the mouth in the morning, together with a dull pain in the head, a loss of appetite, general indisposition for work, and a pale sallow complexion. When through any neglect on the part of a sufferer the case has become chronic, it is necessary that the greatest possible care should be bestowed in order not only that a cure may be effected, but that other dangerous developments may not intervene. A course of Charles Forde's Bile Beans for Biliousness should be taken, as they will aid the stomach to properly digest the food which has been taken. They will also assist in the expulsion of all waste and impure matter from the system, and entirely do away with any constipation that may have been contracted, as well as ensuring the permanency of the cure.

**BILE
BEANS
FOR
BILIOUSNESS**

IMPORTANT WARNING.

Bile Beans are NOT sold LOOSE, being put up in sealed boxes only, bearing the name of the inventor, "CHARLES FORDE." All others are fraudulent imitations, and you are warned not to accept any but the genuine.

WRITE FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

The proprietors have so much faith in the efficacy of Bile Beans that they will forward a sample free, and also a book on the liver and digestive ailments, if you send your name and address, and a penny stamp (to cover return-postage), along with accompanying coupon. Address—The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., Central Distributing Dépôt, Greek Street, Leeds.

**BILE BEANS
Free Sample
Coupon.
Nov. 16, 1901.
Illustrated London
News.**

ADAMS'S
THE OLDEST AND BEST
AND BRITISH.
"The Queen."—Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

FURNITURE POLISH.

Unequalled for its Brilliance and Cleanliness.
It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.

VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



PORTABLE BUILDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Bungalows, Holiday Homes, Stables, Coach-Houses, Harness-Rooms, Sanatoria, Hospitals, Revolving Shelters, &c., &c.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES & DESIGNS.

**BOULTON & PAUL, Ltd.,
MANUFACTURERS, NORWICH.**

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.



LAZENBY'S SAUCE

is prepared from the original recipe, and known to epicures for the past hundred years as Harvey's Sauce.

The additional word's "Lazenby's Sauce" in red ink across the label are an absolute guarantee of its genuineness.

ASK FOR LAZENBY'S SAUCE.

Friends Abroad at Xmas

What could be better than a

"SWAN"

Fountain
Pen?



3 SIZES
SWAN
PENS.

Plain, 10/6, 16/6, 25/-
Mounted, 12/6, 21/-, 30/- to £20.

Write for Catalogue. Sold by all Stationers.
Pens are selected from specimens handwriting and sent by registered post to all parts of the World.

Imperial Postage rate, 6d. per pen. Foreign 1/-.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,
93, Cheapside, 3, Exchange Street,
95th Regent Street, London. Manchester.
And BRENTANOS, PARIS.

Player's

Navy

Mixture

Sold only in 1 oz. and 2 oz.
packets, 3 oz., and 1 lb.
and 4 oz., 8 oz., and 1 lb.
tins.

Cool and Sweet

THE W.H.K. & S. CORSETS



A Quality—White, 23/-; Black, 25/-
B " " 16/6; " 18/6

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL FIRST-CLASS DRAPERS AND LADIES' OUTFITTERS.

DIABETIC FOODS

Remarkable Cures effected by using the MANHU Starch-Changed Diabetic Preparations.

Proofs of this, with Samples of Bread, Biscuits, Wheat, Barley, &c., sent Post Free on receipt of Six Stamps.

THE MANHU FOOD CO.,
(Diabetic Dept., Ltd.,
Vauxhall Mills, Liverpool;
OR
88, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

COVERINGS FOR PARTIAL OR COMPLETE BALDNESS.



Perfect imitations of Nature; weightless, no wiggly appearance.

Instructions for Self-Measurement on application.

SPECIALISTS FOR WIGS for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Every Design in Ladies' Artificial Hair for Fashion and Convenience.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

43, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

Oakey's WELLINGTON Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmens, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

satisfy the most fastidious. No other Corsets are comparable for perfect finish and elegance of form.

None Genuine without Monogram Trade Mark REGISTERED.



and the letters
W. H. K.
& S.

These unique Corsets are worn and recommended by

MADAME ADELINA PATTI,
MADAME BELLE COLE,
MISS MARY ANDERSON,
MISS ELLEN TERRY,

and for more than a quarter of a century have held premier position with all wearers of

High-Class Corsets.

They are now also made with the

NEW STRAIGHT FRONT

and while giving the desired effect are absolutely perfect-fitting, combining symmetry and elegance with the acme of comfort.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1901, Stand 399, Machinery Section.

DICK'S PATENT DRIVING BELTS

Guttapercha, Canvas, and Balata.

SPECIAL FEATURES :

Great Durability.
Enormous Driving Strength.
Perfect Steadiness and Smoothness in Working.
Entire Absence of Stretching or Slipping.

ALL BELTS BEAR OUR TRADE MARK.

Price-Lists, Samples, and Testimonials may be obtained of the Patentees & Makers.



R. & J. DICK,
GREENHEAD WORKS, & 46, ST. ENOCH SQUARE, GLASGOW.

Wholesale Depots: LONDON — 58, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

Birmingham: 8, Dale End. Bristol: 53, Corn St. Manchester: 10, Corporation St. Leeds: 5, New Station St. Newcastle-on-Tyne: 8, Neville St. Dublin: 43, Henry St. Belfast: 22, North St. Edinburgh: 7, North Bridge.

Specially Appointed Agents in PARIS, VIENNA, BRUSSELS, MOSCOW, DUISBURG, BUCHAREST, HORGEN (SWITZERLAND), GOTHENBURG, CHRISTIANIA, COPENHAGEN, BILBAO, CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, YOKOHAMA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND, MONTREAL, VALPARAISO, &c.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS
AND PERFUMERS IN
ELEGANT CRYSTAL
TOILET CASKET
PRICE 2/6.
ALSO IN PATENT
METALLIC BOX
PRICE 1/- SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-

PRODUCES
WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENTS
IN THE
TEETH OF SMOKERS.

18-Carat Gold Cased,
Post Free,
5/- THE 'CROWN'
BRACELET.
10 Years' Printed Guarantee.
Will fit any Wrist. Make sure of one by sending Postal Order
to-day. If not satisfied, money
returned at once.
DAVID CROSS & CO.,
The London Manufacturing
Jewellers,
2, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.
(Dept. 8)

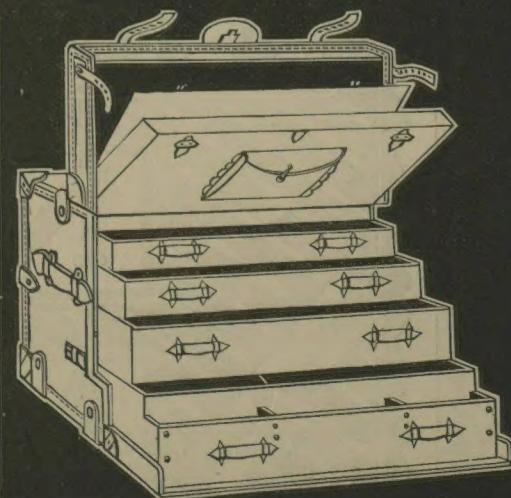
25/-
With Watch, Fitted
in Morocco Case,
THE "THORNCLIFFE"

ACME OF PERFECTION PATENT COOKING-RANGE.

“*Parola*”
Regd
NO
MORE
ROUGH
HANDS.

IS UNEQUALLED FOR PRESERVING
THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
FROM THE EFFECTS OF
FROST, COLD WINDS, & HARD WATER.
IT REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, & CHAPS.
AND KEEPS THE SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE
AT ALL SEASONS.
If used after Dancing, Cycling, &c., it will be found Delightfully
Cooling and Refreshing.
GENTLEMEN WILL FIND IT WONDERFULLY SOOTHING IF APPLIED AFTER SHAVING.
Bottles 6d. (post free, 8d.), 1/-, 1/9, and 2/6 each, post free in United Kingdom
from the Sole Makers, M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

FOOT'S EUREKA TRUNK

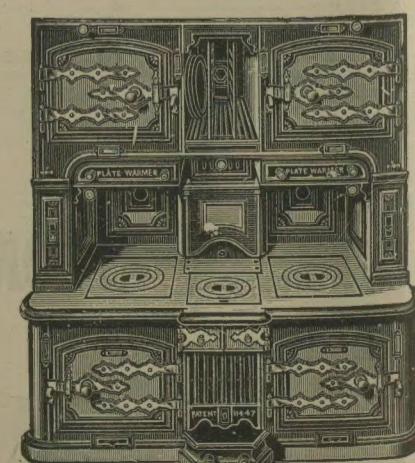


IF YOU KNEW

all the advantages of a "EUREKA" Trunk, you would not travel with any other. It saves much time and trouble, as each article is instantly get-at-able. It carries the garments in perfect order, avoids crushing, and economises space by the systematic method of packing. It prevents confusion and continual repacking, as any article can be removed without disturbing the remainder of contents.

If you would like to know more about it, our Illustrated Catalogue No. 4, "Trunks for Travellers," will be sent FREE on request.

J. L. FOOT & SON,
171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

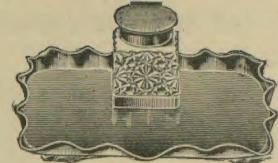


Advantages:
GREAT ECONOMY OF FUEL.
PERFECTION IN COOKING.
PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF HOT WATER.
Catalogue upon application to
NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., Ltd.,
Thorncliffe Ironworks, near SHEFFIELD.

PARKINS & GOTTO

THOUSANDS OF ARTICLES FOR XMAS PRESENTS AT MODERATE PRICES.

SEND FOR
NEW PRICE LIST,
POST FREE.



INKSTAND.

Cut Glass Bottle, with Silver Cap, on Silver Stand, 43 in. by 33 in., 40/-



PURSE.
Crocodile Leather, chased Silver mount and lock, 19/6.
Long shape, 21/-.



PRAYER AND HYMNS.

Morocco Leather, in Solid Silver Case, chased on both sides, with a representation of the "Cherub Choir," 75/-, Post Free.

PURVEYORS TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT, AND ARMY & NAVY.

THE KING'S BREWERY, COPENHAGEN.

ESTABLISHED 1768.



A Nourishing and Appetising Beverage.

Crown Malt Extract

AIDS DIGESTION.

RESTORES THE APPETITE.

INVALUABLE FOR SUFFERERS FROM ANÆMIA.

Recommended by Leading Physicians.

OF GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS, CHEMISTS, & STORES.

The United Breweries Co., Ltd., Copenhagen.

LONDON OFFICE: 46, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

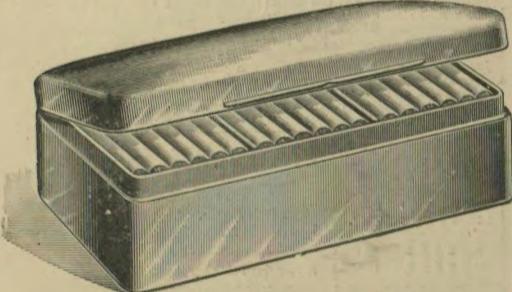
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

In
Bottles,
Tins and
Tablets.

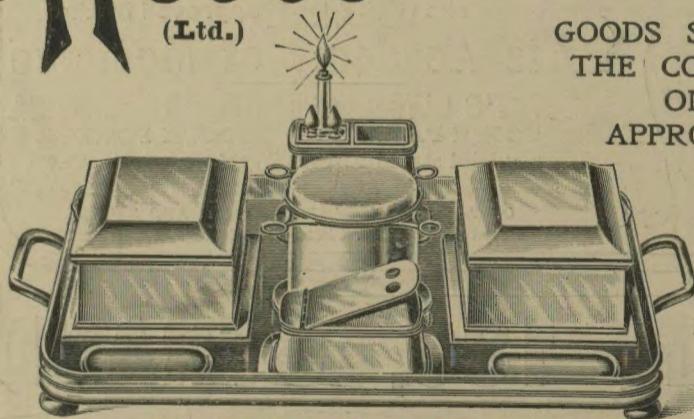
PREPARED SOUPS

May be
obtained from
leading Grocers &
Stores throughout
the World.

Chairman, J. NEWTON MAPPIN.
Mappin & Webb's (Ltd.)



Sterling Silver Cigarette Boxes, lined Cedarwood.
Length, 4½ inches £2 12 6
" 5½ " 3 3 0
" 7 " 4 0 0
" 8 " 4 10 0

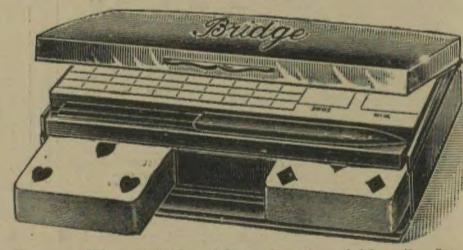


The "Connaught" Smoking Set, in Tray, with Cigar and Cigarette Boxes, Cigar Cutter and Lighter, Tobacco Jar, Pipe Rack, and Four Ash Trays, complete as illustrated, all "Prince's Plate," £1 15s. In Sterling Silver, £50.

XMAS GIFTS IN STERLING SILVER AND "PRINCE'S PLATE."

(Regd. 71552.)

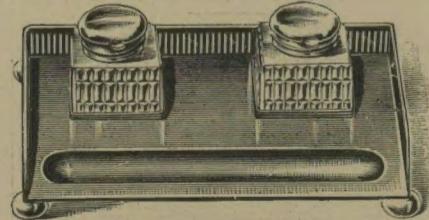
GOODS SENT TO
THE COUNTRY
ON
APPROVAL.



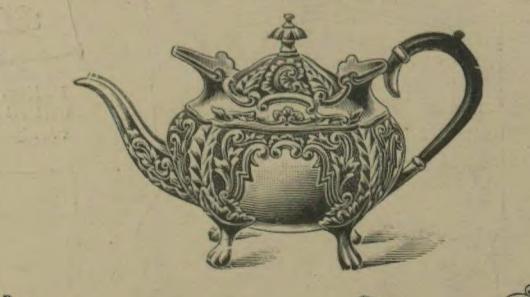
Sterling Silver "Bridge" Box, interior richly gilt, fitted with two Packs Cards, Scoring Blocks, Pencils, Fall-down Front, Silver Word on Lid. Size, 7½ in. by 3½ in., £8 15s.



Plain Silver
Pepper Grinder.
Small... £1 10 0
Large... 1 18 0



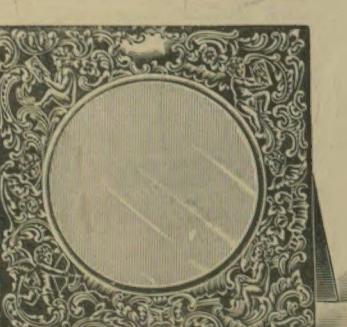
"Prince's Plate" Inkstand, with two Cut Glass Bottles, 8½ in. long, £2 10s. Sterling Silver ... £8.



Sterling Silver Fluted Bowl for Flowers,
Fruit, Punch, &c.
8½ in. diameter... £7 15 0
7½ " 5 15 0
5½ " 3 5 0
Ebonised Plinth included.



Sterling Silver Richly
Chased Sugar Dredger.
4½ in. high,
Special Lock Fitting Top,
18s. 6d.



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Photo
Frame. Size 6½ in. by 6½ in., £1 5s.



Registered Design.
"Foxhead" Menu Holder,
in Sterling Silver, £1 1s.

WEST END—
158 to 162 OXFORD ST.
LONDON, W.

THE ROYAL WORKS, Norfolk St., SHEFFIELD.
MANCHESTER—NICE—JOHANNESBURG—
24-26, St. Ann's Square. Place Jardin Public. 8, Von Brandis Square.

Manufactury and Show-Rooms:

CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.